The Outlook

NOVEMBER 21, 1923

THE SURPLUS AND THE BONUS

MR. MELLON, Secretary of the Treasury, in advocating a substantial reduction of Federal taxation, points out with positiveness his conviction that the enactment of a soldiers' bonus law would not only prevent reduction but necessitate increases.

The reduction which Secretary Mellon thinks possible if a Federal soldiers' bonus bill is not passed by the Congress about to meet would amount, according to his figures, to $391,000,000. Almost all of this would be gained by changes in the present Income Tax Law. The reduction would affect both the normal tax rate and the surtax provision, and from these two items two-thirds of the total reduction would be made. Reductions are also proposed on the amount of capital losses, which under the new plan would not be taxed on over twelve and one-half per cent of the loss; some minor classes would also be exempted which now come under what Mr. Mellon calls "miscellaneous nuisance taxes."

The argument for reduction of taxation is not merely that the present taxes are a burden, but rests largely on the fact that the last two fiscal years (1922 and 1923) have shown a surplus of Government receipts over Government expenditure of about $310,000,000. This justifies sweeping reductions. The new Congress is said by some newspaper correspondents to be likely to pass a Federal bonus bill, and the reason assigned for this belief is that both parties would wish to make a favorable impression on the soldier vote for next year's election. On the other hand, there is a growing feeling that the State bonuses very generally passed provide the right way to deal with the question of bonus compensation. New York State, for instance, under the popular referendum just held, is now permitted by constitutional amendment to pass such a bonus law as it already has passed once, but which was pronounced unconstitutional by the courts.

It is a cheerful and encouraging thing for business and for the taxpayer to learn from Secretary Mellon's report that the Government's business is being carried on at a substantial profit and that the time has come for a reasonable decrease in the enormous expenditures which alone have justified the imposition of our present high taxes.

COLONEL FORBES UNDER FIRE

SINCE October 22 a special committee of the Senate has been hearing testimony on alleged mismanagement of the Veterans' Bureau and corruption in the disposal of war supplies. Though the names of a number of other Federal officials and of private citizens have been called in connection with sensational revelations, the weight of well-nigh crushing charges has fallen upon the man whom President Harding placed in charge of the Bureau when it was created and who resigned the duties of the position early in the present year. Not only has the official record of Colonel Forbes been brought under withering indictment, but his personal conduct while holding that position has been subjected to many and grave charges.

At the beginning of the hearing General Frank T. Hines, who succeeded Colonel Forbes as Director of the Veterans' Bureau, testified to a number of irregularities which he found upon taking charge of the Bureau. Tremendous quantities of gold, he testified, were bought for dental work and never used. The dental bill at one time was running at the rate of $6,000,000 a year. Railway passes were issued in blank and were used, one of them for a European trip and at least two for Asiatic trips, by persons who, General Hines said, performed no service for the Bureau. A salary of $4,800 a year was paid to a man who did only two hours' work—not two hours a day, but a total of two hours for the year. These are typical of the items mentioned by General Hines as entering into the total of $16,000,000 by which

International

THE VETERANS' BUREAU INVESTIGATION BY THE UNITED STATES SENATE—LUCIEN B. JOHNSON (LEFT, CHIN ON HAND) ANSWERING QUESTIONS ASKED BY GENERAL JOHN F. O'RYAN (STANDING AT RIGHT)

Johnson, who lives in San Francisco, sold the Livermore, Cal., hospital site to the Government and split up $33,000 among those who helped in the deal, he testified

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he reduced the expenditures of the Bureau.

The gravest of the charges, however, came from witnesses not in Government service and related to alleged frauds, by which Colonel Forbes is said to have profited. A witness who acted as Washington representative of a group of contractors testified to an agreement, a memorandum of which was produced, under which Colonel Forbes was to receive one-third of the net profits of the contractors on Western hospitals, computed at an average of $50,000 for each contract awarded. There has been testimony as to "junketing trips" and as to "parties" in which liquor and women figured.

Two witnesses testified to repeated efforts made by Colonel Forbes to dispose of large quantities of liquor and narcotics from the hospital at Perryville, Maryland.

There has been testimony of the sale of a hospital site to the Government at several times its worth and of the payment of $33,000 to an architect for revising plans which were wrong because of the architect's own error. The first of these charges involved a former Assistant Secretary of the Treasury and the latter the present Comptroller-General.

In the early stages of the hearing Colonel Forbes was frequently on his feet denying the statements of witnesses and demanding a chance to explain.

Last week Colonel Forbes took the stand. He denied generally and promised to deny in detail charges of neglect, dishonesty, loose conduct, and every other dereliction of duty ascribed to him. He said that he had been unaware of the time set for the investigation until he had learned it through press despatches, and that he had come to Washington from a sick bed. He attributed the charges to the purpose of his enemies to accompany his destruction by perjury and suppression of material facts. He testified that he had incurred from the beginning the hostility of General Sawyer, the President's medical adviser, because he opposed General Sawyer's plan to hospitalize disabled soldiers in the ramshackle confinement buildings and that he resigned because of General Sawyer's "constant interference."

WHAT POLITICS COST THE VETERANS' BUREAU

In actual importance, however, the worst that has been told in this investigation of the Veterans' Bureau is far less serious in its results, in its loss to the Government and to the veterans, than the steady, uncriminal, and non-spectacular inefficiency and blundering which have made the Bureau a hissing and a byword from the very start. Actual graft can be measured and will doubtless be punished, but the fundamental crime—that waste, stupidity, and abuse of trust are an accepted part of Government administration—this remains untouched, though revealed by one scandal after another.

The present investigation has shown again why this is so, and has emphasized once more the point so strongly insisted upon in the articles recently published in The Outlook: that decent administration is impossible to men appointed by political pull and under constant pressure from politicians. To take a single instance: One politician—a Missourian who sold the Bureau land and buildings for a hospital at a price truly amazing in view of the fact that they were never used—told how he enlisted an army of Congressmen to help him put through his deal. He admits frankly it would have been impossible without them. He could not remember just how many helped, but one Senator even went to see the President about it!

It is not to be supposed that all the Congressmen involved had guilty knowledge or that they benefited directly, though they must have been guilty of gross carelessness. But the evidence does furnish once more conclusive condemnation of the whole system by which they are permitted—and expected—to pay their debts and take care of their friends at the expense of the Government and of people or enterprises in the Government's care.

BRUNO ROSELLI

has brought back from Europe the story of one of the most tragic effects of the World War. His account of conditions in that mountain eyrie

MONTENEGRO

and of the gallant people who bore for centuries the brunt of alien invasion to fall at last from independence to a state of vassalage will appear in an early issue of The Outlook.

ANSWER TO THE ROLL CALL!

The American National Red Cross is asking its members to renew their membership through its seventh annual Roll Call and asking non-members to become members and to take part in its continuously valuable and important work.

Not far from ten per cent of the entire population of the United States is to-day enrolled in the work of the Red Cross, and it is the confident hope of its leaders to raise that extraordinary percentage from ten to twenty.

If any testimony were needed as to the value of Red Cross work in peace time, it would be supplied by the recent calamity in Japan. The Red Cross was prepared to come to the aid of Japan, prepared also to afford an agency and outlay for American sympathy and assistance. The Red Cross alone raised the sum of three million dollars for this purpose, and it was able to apply assistance instantly because of emergency funds kept in hand for just such disasters.

So, too, last year the refugees thrown into Greece by the overturn in Asia Minor made immediate relief necessary for about a million people, and over $2,500,000 was quickly furnished by the Red Cross.

These are only two outstanding examples among many. In time of peace as well as in time of war and disaster the Red Cross works steadily in behalf of the public health, training of nurses (it has to-day a reserve nursing corps of about 40,000), home hygiene, community nurses, first aid and life saving, and a long list of other needed things.

Even war activities do not cease in time of peace, as is shown by the fact that in the year ending last June the Red Cross spent nearly six million dollars for the welfare of veterans and their families.

The American Red Cross does not now carry on drives for contributions. It engages once a year in an effort to keep and strengthen its paying

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BRING A BURDEN OF DISHONOR HOME

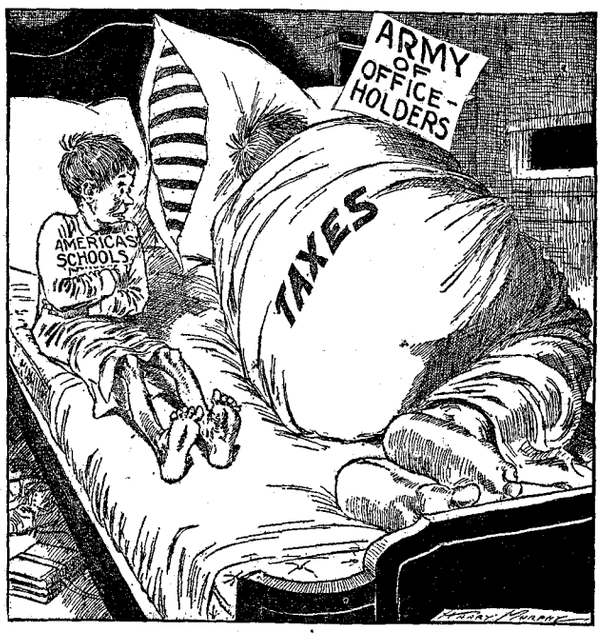
(2 Henry VI, Act III, Scene 1)

Ireland in the Columbus Dispatch

A NATIONAL DISGRACE

From Mrs. Fred McAllister, Richwood, Ohio

Murphy in the Washington Herald



WHY EDUCATION IS NEGLECTED

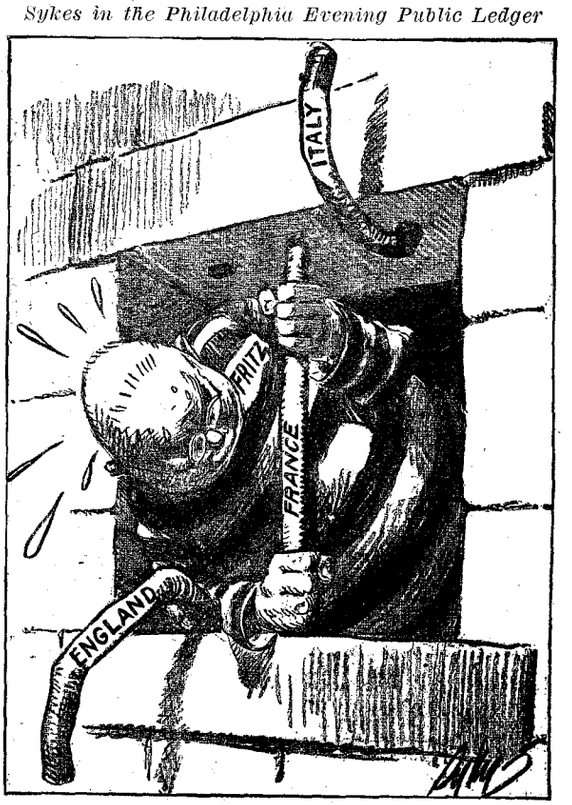
From Lulu M. Schultz, Seat Pleasant, Md.

Fitzpatrick in the St. Louis Post-Dispatch

THE RETURN OF THE PRODIGAL

From John Fleming, St. Louis, Mo.

Sykes in the Philadelphia Evening Public Ledger



THE UNBREAKABLE ONE

From Anne S. Eissler, Philadelphia, Pa.

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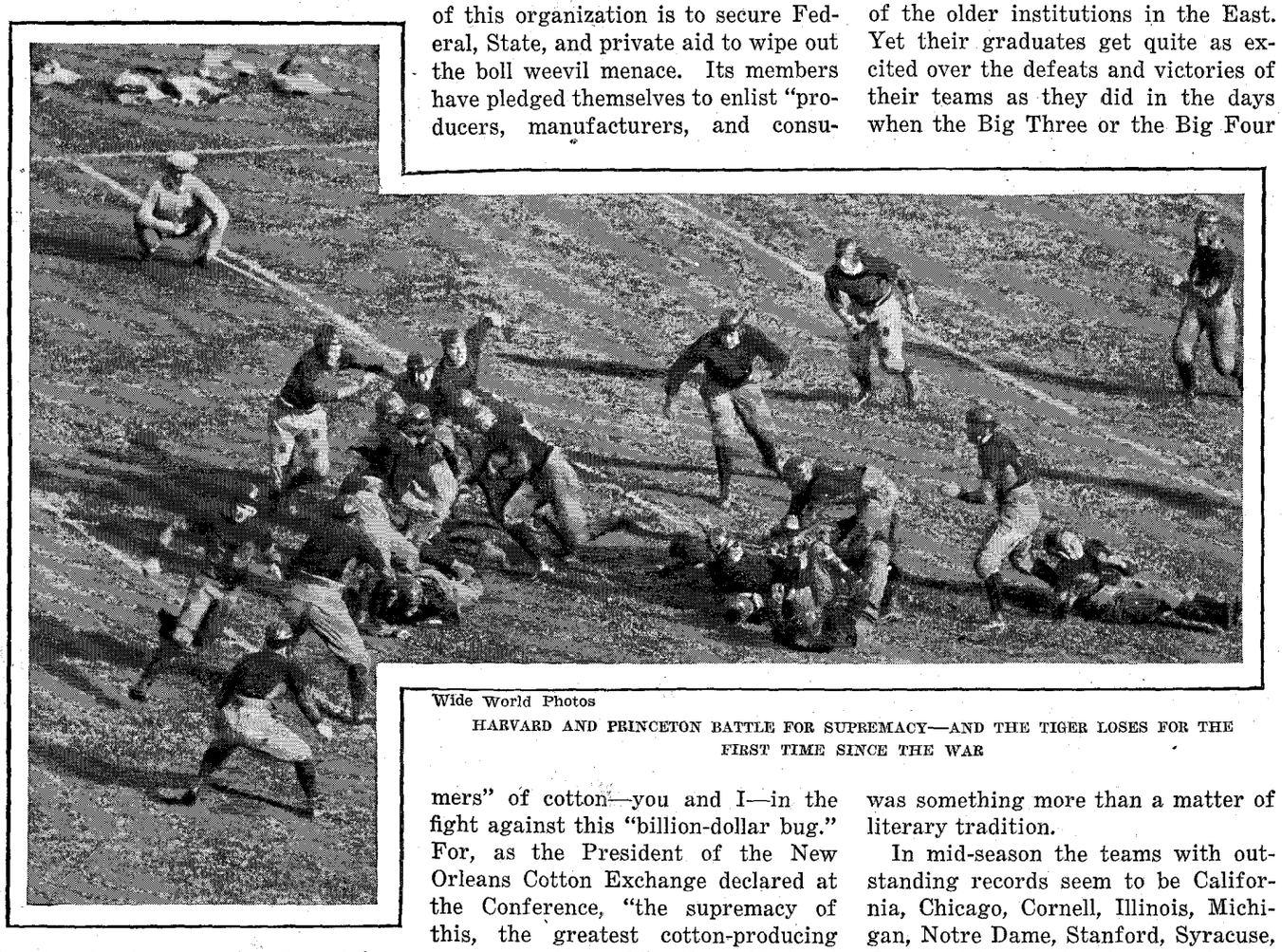
membership. There is no doubt whatever that the American people will continue to uphold what is their direct agency for certain immensely important public services.

THE NATION MOVES AGAINST THE BOLL WEEVIL

THE conclusion as to the boll weevil reached by Southern cotton growers, bankers, merchants, entomologists, manufacturers, cotton spinners, fertilizer and chemical experts, cotton and stock exchanges throughout the South, scientists from the Department of Agriculture, cottonseed crushers, and bacteriologists is that the only way to make real progress in the task of eradication is to combine all agencies—Federal, State, and local; Congress, the manufacturers, bankers, railway and steamship traffic experts, and the planters—and launch a National campaign against this voracious pest.

Previous efforts to conserve the cotton crop, one of the Nation's most valuable assets, have not been successful because complete unity has not been attained. But the time has come, argue the cotton growers and their bankers, when the Government must lead the fight against the boll weevil, if for no other reason than that the cotton which the South has sold to foreign nations has added millions of dollars to the wealth of this country.

In the closing days of October a thousand delegates, representing railways, fertilizer interests, the Department of Agriculture, and other trades and professions and interests mentioned above, came from every section of the country to New Orleans and organized the National Boll Weevil Menace Conference. The chief object of this organization is to secure Federal, State, and private aid to wipe out the boll weevil menace. Its members have pledged themselves to enlist "producers, manufacturers, and consumers" of cotton—you and I—in the fight against this "billion-dollar bug." For, as the President of the New Orleans Cotton Exchange declared at the Conference, "the supremacy of this, the greatest cotton-producing country in the world, and our National prosperity in consequence, is threatened by the ravages of this insect." An official of the American Cotton Association, with headquarters at Atlanta, asserts that there is more labor and capital invested in the production, manufacture, and final distribution of the American cotton crop than any other commodity; that it pours more gold or its equivalent into the channels of trade each year than any other staple farm product. Its combined wealth each season, he maintains, far exceeds the total annual output of the combined gold mines of this and all other nations. The destruction of a large portion of the cotton crop by the boll weevil, therefore, becomes a matter of the most serious National and international concern; a matter important enough to warrant the attention of Congress at the coming session.



Wide World Photos

HARVARD AND PRINCETON BATTLE FOR SUPREMACY—AND THE TIGER LOSES FOR THE FIRST TIME SINCE THE WAR

THE HALF-WAY MARK OF THE FOOTBALL SEASON

THE days of dominant football teams, as has frequently been pointed out, are past. The perfection of the art of carrying the pigskin over the goal line is no longer a monopoly of the older institutions in the East. Yet their graduates get quite as excited over the defeats and victories of their teams as they did in the days when the Big Three or the Big Four was something more than a matter of literary tradition.

In mid-season the teams with outstanding records seem to be California, Chicago, Cornell, Illinois, Michigan, Notre Dame, Stanford, Syracuse, West Virginia, and Yale. All of these teams, with the exception of Yale and Cornell, have been tied or defeated in at least one game.

Undoubtedly there are other colleges which we have not mentioned which have had equally good records, and we expect to receive any number of indignant letters from their graduates in the next mail after this statement appears in print. We will unless the genus football fan has undergone a marked transformation since last season.

Two of the teams which are not mentioned in this list appear in action in the accompanying illustration. Neither Harvard nor Princeton has

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had a successful season so far, though if Harvard succeeds in beating Yale in the last game on its calendar the earlier defeat and a tie at the hands and feet of Middlebury and Dartmouth will be quite conveniently forgotten.

THE SECRETS OF MONGOLIA

DR. HENRY FAIRFIELD OSBORN, President of the American Museum of Natural History (that most fruitful source of scientific field work), and Roy Chapman Andrews, director of the Museum's third Asiatic expedition, are home from China for a recess after the second season of their great four-year trek into the Mongolian wilderness. With them and preceding them came several tons of vertebrate fossils, including about twenty genera and sixty species hitherto unknown to science, chiseled out of rocky beds in the foothills of the Altai Mountains, beyond the Desert of Gobi. These deposits are without doubt the richest in saurian and mammalian treasures ever discovered in a limited area, and it will take at least twenty years of digging to exhaust them. Western North America and East Africa had previously been the chief source of such remains.

A catalogue of the paleontological finds in Mongolia would fill a book, but a few must be mentioned: (1) Twenty-five fossilized eggs of dinosaurs, in one of which the embryo monster could be clearly discerned, proving that these prehistoric reptiles were hatched in the same way as modern ones; (2) the skull of a baluchitherium, a huge quadruped similar to the rhinoceros; (3) many skulls and partial skeletons of titanotherium, caducotherium, lophiodon, and other rhinoceros-like types with bony collars, intermediate between the horned and unhorned reptiles; (4) the skull of a creodont, the largest primitive carnivorous animal known; (5) traces of primitive tigers, hyenas, tapirs, bamboo-rats, antelopes, buffalo, deer, and a few primates like the gibbon. No five-toed horses, true dogs, or human remains of any type have been found.

The significance of these fossils far transcends their interest to a few specialists in zoölogical classification. Their age ranges from the higher mammals of Miocene times (about 1,500,000 years ago, before the emergence of man) to the huge saurians of the Triassic period, probably from 10,000,000 to 15,000,000 years ago.

Dr. Osborn and his co-workers had predicted the discovery of large fossil beds in central Asia. They believed that from this hub the land mammals had dispersed along the spokes of a vast wheel to the outlying continents. They also had some evidence that the first human and prehuman types originated in a zone stretching southeast and southwest from the Asiatic plateau. These theories have been definitely substantiated by the present expedition, with the exception of the last. Human fossils are harder to find because they are usually collected in caves or primitive burying-grounds, whereas animal remains are frequently concentrated where floods have overtaken them and washed them down into pockets. Many of the species found in Mongolia were previously known only in North America, affording circumstantial proof of the existence of a land bridge between Asia and America at the Bering Strait in the Eocene Age. No human remains contemporary with the Neanderthal men have been found in America, unless the skulls just unearthed at Santa Barbara, California, should prove so old. Practically all anthropologists agree that America was peopled by races in a comparatively high stage of development, coming from the life-cradle in Asia by the same link that the dinosaurs trod millions of years before.

Underwood

DR. J. J. R. MACLEOD

DR. F. G. BANTING

THE DISCOVERERS OF INSULIN, WHO HAVE RECEIVED THE NOBEL PRIZE

HONORING THE DISCOVERERS OF INSULIN

THE Nobel prize for medical discovery for this year has been awarded to Dr. F. G. Banting and Dr. J. J. R. MacLeod, of the University of Toronto.

The chemical composition of insulin and the discovery of its application to diabetes, a disease all but incurable in its nature, are unquestionably among the very great medical and scientific discoveries of our time. Dr. Banting was only thirty years old when he produced this marvel. He was able to carry his discovery to a successful issue through the cordial co-operation of Professor MacLeod, who furnished facilities for the experiments and helped Dr. Banting in other ways. Dr. Banting was also substantially aided by Mr. Charles H. Best, and has ascribed to him an equal share in the discovery and declared that he will divide the prize with Mr. Best. Dr. Banting's service to the world has already been recognized by an annuity of $7,500 from the Canadian Government and by the establishing in the University of Toronto of a chair of Research endowed with $10,000 a year, including a salary of $6,000. The first to hold this chair is naturally Dr. Banting. Canadian writers note that twelve years ago the man so highly honored the world over was a boy on a Canadian farm.

Insulin, as has been pointed out before in these columns, is not a cure for diabetes in the sense that it destroys the disease, but it is a life-saver as well as a pain-saver, because, although it drives the disease back only temporarily, yet that driving back of the disease may be renewed as often as the treatment is repeated. This is not as difficult and disagreeable as might appear, and, in point of fact, a considerable number of diabetes patients are to-day living comfortably and likely to live long because of insulin who without it would long since have been dead.

What insulin does is to provide an

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agent which assists the chemical laboratory, so to speak, of the body to take up a reasonable amount of sugar when because of diabetes the metabolism (chemical transformation, that is) of the body would fail to absorb the sugar and disease and death would follow. The substance itself is an extract from the pancreas of the sheep.

MR. WILSON SPEAKS TO THE COUNTRY

ON Armistice Eve ex-President Wilson made an address by radio which was heard by many hundred thousands of people.

He took the occasion not only to recall the "stimulating memories" of the war and of the triumph of arms, but to emphasize what he called "the shameful fact" of our withdrawal from all "responsible part in the administration of peace" into "a sullen and selfish isolation . . . manifestly cowardly and dishonorable."

To our withdrawal Mr. Wilson attributes the course of events "from bad to worse."

France and Italy he charged with making "waste paper of the Treaty of Versailles."

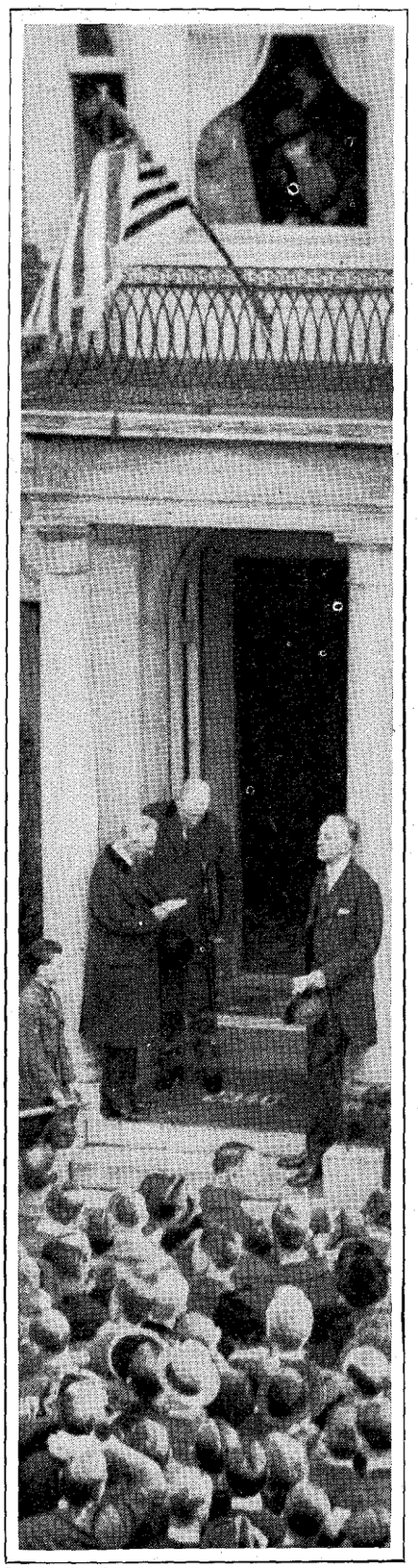
The present situation, he thinks, affords us an opportunity "to retrieve the past"—just how he did not specify.

The next day, Armistice Day itself, ex-President Wilson came to the doorway of his house and spoke to a large gathering of friends and admirers. He gave a tribute to the army of American citizens who fought in the war, and concluding, said:

> I am not one of those that have the least anxiety about the triumph of the principles I have stood for. I have seen fools resist Providence before, and I have seen their destruction, as will come upon these again—utter destruction and contempt. That we shall prevail is as sure as that God reigns.

There are many in this country who do not share with Mr. Wilson his belief that his policies were identical with the will of Providence. There are many who believe that the withdrawal of the United States from active participation in the administration of peace was the inevitable consequence of those policies. The American people are not by nature cowardly. There are many who believe that the course of France, which Mr. Wilson denounces, was forced upon France because the consequences of Mr. Wilson's policies left her no other course.

Mr. Wilson's appearance on Armistice Day, broken in health and grievously disappointed by the failure of his plan, has elicited for him expressions of sympathy from fellow-citizens of his, both those who believe and those who do not believe in the wisdom of his course.



International

EX-PRESIDENT WILSON'S SPEECH AT HIS HOME IN WASHINGTON ON ARMISTICE DAY

Mr. Wilson's speech was read by Senator Glass, who holds the manuscript, while the former President stands bending over behind Mr. Glass

LUDENDORFF AGAIN

DURING the war some Bavarian officers were captured by the Belgians and were asked if they thought they had had enough of Prussianism; and they replied, "The trouble is that we have not been Prussian enough." Nevertheless Bavaria and Prussia do not think alike. Since the war Bavaria has become increasingly dissatisfied with the course pursued by Prussia.

Evidence of this has been plain in the Bavarian separatist movement. Briefly, it may be said that this separatist movement has for its object, not the final separation of Bavaria from the rest of Germany, but the restoration of the house of Wittelsbach as the ruling dynasty of Bavaria and the dominant one of the Empire. On the other hand, there have been in Bavaria certain supporters of monarchism who want the return of the Hohenzollerns. Factional leaders in Bavaria seem to be at cross-purposes. Hitler is the leader of the group known as Fascisti, and is supposed to wish to see the former Bavarian Crown Prince on the throne. General Ludendorff, formerly the chief strategist of the Kaiser's army, naturally would be supposed to desire the return of the Hohenzollerns. Von Kahr is anti-socialist and therefore out of sympathy with the present so-called republican government at Berlin.

Just what happened on November 8 in Munich is not and may not for some time be very clear; but a street fight between Federal troops and soldiers led by Hitler and Ludendorff resulted in the capture of both Ludendorff and Hitler. This petty warfare was the end of a solemn proclamation of a new dictatorship in Bavaria with the avowed intention of a march upon Berlin. The whole affair seems ridiculous. The pompous and dictatorial Ludendorff was jailed like a common brawler, and then paroled but sentenced to leave the country. He insists that his pledge is only for the time being and that he still remains free to support the programme of his fighting organization. Von Kahr, the Bavarian military dictator, seems also to have fallen from grace. The Hitlerites accuse von Kahr of plotting to separate Bavaria from Germany, while von Kahr is apologetic to Berlin for the Ludendorff-Hitler outbreak.

In the meantime the former Crown Prince has returned to Germany. The Government of Holland apparently permitted him to go back, on the theory that he was simply a visitor for whose presence in Holland the

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Government there had no responsibility. The former Kaiser is planning to return to Germany, and some Germans apparently hope that he will ascend to the throne early in December! The Belgians regard the former Crown Prince as subject to surrender to the Allies as a war criminal. On the other hand, it is argued that the delay in action against the Crown Prince has rendered action now impossible.

AN OPENING GUN IN THE PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN

ALREADY strategists are mobilizing their forces for the Presidential campaign.

It is a twofold campaign with a double objective. First there is the campaign in each party for the capture of the Presidential nomination. Then there will be the campaign for the capture of the Presidential election.

George F. Milton, Jr.'s article in this issue, "What Mr. McAdoo Stands For," indicates that some of these forces are already under way toward their objective. Indeed, it is an indication that some of the captains in the campaign for the nomination are ready to test their artillery. Through Mr. Milton's article sound the reverberations of one of the opening guns.

From time to time during the campaign The Outlook will publish articles setting forth the views of the several candidates for the nomination. In publishing these articles The Outlook will necessarily present different, and even conflicting, points of view. It is only through the presentation of such points of view, of such opposing opinions, that the voters of the country can learn of the policies between which they must make their choice.

Mr. Milton's article is written from the point of view of a strong supporter of Mr. McAdoo for the Democratic nomination and a believer in Mr. McAdoo as the American who for this time is best fitted for the Presidency. Later we shall present views from the supporters of other candidates which run counter to the opinions expressed in that article.

In the course of the campaign we shall expect to print a number of articles with which we shall wholly or partly disagree. In the case of Mr. Milton's article, for example, we do not share the views expressed concerning the course of the railway executives, but we give those views a hearing because they are held very largely by those who support a policy which will figure prominently in the coming campaign.

Fotograms

THE FORMER CROWN PRINCE OF GERMANY, WHO HAS RE-ENTERED THE FATHERLAND

Twelve years ago The Outlook printed an interview with Woodrow Wilson, then Governor of New Jersey, giving his view on the National issues. This, we believe, was the first authoritative interview to be published giving the view on the National questions of the man who was later to be President of the United States. This did not mean that The Outlook was going to support Mr. Wilson in the forthcoming campaign. Later during the same campaign it printed an authorized interview with President Taft. This did not mean that The Outlook was going to support Mr. Taft for renomination. On the contrary, it did not support either Mr. Taft for nomination or Mr. Wilson for election. The Outlook, however, gave to its readers the views of both Mr. Taft and Mr. Wilson in articles of an authoritative character. Later in the campaign it presented the views of William J. Bryan, of Judson Harmon, of Hiram Johnson, etc. Similarly, we purpose to publish from time to time statements equally authoritative concerning the candidates who will be presented for the consideration of the voters at the primaries and at the Presidential election, and we shall editorially report their views with such impartiality as we can command. Reserving for ourselves the liberty of expressing our own judgment, we shall give to the spokesmen on behalf of the various candidates similar liberty of judgment in the expression of opinion whether we agree with them or not.

KAISER AND GOOD WILL

FORMER Kaiser Wilhelm, after five years of exile, has his passports ready, it is reported, for a return to Germany. The former Crown Prince is already back in the Fatherland. General Erich von Ludendorff, the dominant military leader of the Imperial German armies in the war and a political schemer, having been thwarted in one attempt to lead a royalist army to capture Berlin for the monarchists, is released on parole ready for a new adventure. The Hohenzollern family and its henchmen are serving the world a good turn. They are reminding forgetful people that there are matters of more importance in the world than markets and foreign exchange. To talk about economic rehabilitation is idle as long as the issue on which the war was fought remains unsettled. When the Hohenzollerns reappear on the stage, talk about trade subsides.

At the same time has subsided talk about isolating France, teaching her a lesson. Just after the news of the return of the Crown Prince and the plans of the Kaiser became known Britain was eagerly seeking the cooperation of France in a joint remonstrance to the German Government and in a joint threat to occupy, not an additional strip of territory along the Rhine, but the city of Munich itself, the capital of Bavaria and center of monarchist plots. The world had almost learned to count on some German act as a warning against each recurrent German menace, and the Hohenzollern family and their supporters have provided a warning now most opportunely.

For reasons which are not plain to us, the Government of the United States has withdrawn its offer to send an expert to participate with other experts in an inquiry into the capacity of Germany to pay reparations. France, as we have reported, accepted the offer, but made conditions which

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would limit the scope of the inquiry. It is asserted that the American Government believed that the French conditions rendered the inquiry futile. The French hold that it is impossible under present conditions in Germany to ascertain what Germany may ultimately be able to pay, and that therefore the inquiry should be confined to Germany's present capacity for making payments. The American Government, on the other hand, seems to assume, if unofficial reports can be believed, that any plan must assume Germany's present inability to pay virtually anything. If the American Government makes that assumption, it ought never to have made a proposal for an inquiry, for it has already partly prejudged the case. Some of those who have been disappointed at the French disinclination to acquiesce in this prejudgment have urged that the United States join with Britain and perhaps with others in an inquiry based on the assumption that Germany cannot ever pay what she is asked to pay and cannot pay at present anything. This proposal, it is scarcely concealed, is not primarily for the purpose of ascertaining Germany's capacity to pay, but primarily for the purpose of isolating France and reducing her power.

It is not to the interest of America, however, to promote misunderstanding or dissension anywhere. We have no interest in preventing direct negotiations between Germany and France, such as were under way between Loucheur and Rathenau when Rathenau was assassinated. We have no interest, as Germany has, in causing a rupture between England and France and isolating France from her allies. Our interest lies wholly in promoting understanding and in helping reconciliation.

To pursue a separate inquiry without France into a matter that concerns France primarily would be to promote not understanding but misunderstanding, not reconciliation but resentment. It would not serve any purpose of changing Germany's ill will to good will. On the contrary, it would help to give Germany reason to believe that her ill will had proved profitable. When Germany was defeated on the battlefields, she undertook to discount her defeat by leaving a large part of France a ruined country. The evidence of that is spread over all of northern France. She counted on human forgetfulness. She thought the allies of France would be willing to leave her prostrate so as to get back to business. And Germany was not far wrong. The allies of France have been chiefly interested in getting back to business. They have quieted their own consciences by bidding France to cultivate a forgiving spirit. But what they have either deliberately or naïvely forgotten is that reconciliation can never take place without a change of will on the part of the offender. And there has been no change of will.

What can change Germany's will? In the answer to that lies the peace of Europe. Without an answer to that there can be no peace. Certainly efforts to relieve Germany of the natural consequences of her course will not tend to make her see the folly of it. Interference by America in Europe for the purpose of making Germany's burdens lighter, of bringing France not Germany to terms, can serve only to promote the ill will which it is our interest and desire to cure.

JOHN MARTIN'S LIST

ON another page we print a list of sixty books which John Martin, editor of "John Martin's Book," regards as of basic worth for children's reading.

We do not expect every reader of this list to trace through the letters and figures that follow each title John Martin's judgment concerning the influence of every book on the list; but we doubt whether any reader who is at all interested in books for children will fail to note that list and profit by it. Most people who know both children and books will want to add to that list some titles. We should like, for instance, to make that list sixty-two by adding Walter De La Mare's great contribution to imaginative literature, "The Three Mulla-Mulgars" and Charles Boardman Hawes's stimulating story of adventure "The Mutineers." Both of these books, we realize, are excluded from this list because they are not "standard;" but if they do not in time become recognized as classics we shall become convinced that there is something the matter with the process by which books acquire immortality.

Chiefly, however, it is not for the purpose of mentioning these two books or any others—for we could continue with our selection—that we began these remarks, but for the purpose of suggesting to our readers that they send to John Martin, 33 West 49th Street, New York City, for his "Blue Book of Best Reading for Children," which contains the titles of, we believe, more than two hundred books which he, a good judge, unreservedly recommends.

GROVER CLEVELAND

BY LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT

CONTRIBUTING EDITOR OF THE OUTLOOK

IT seems to be the lot of every American President of strong personality and vigorous policies to be damned by his political opponents and to be abandoned by some if not many of his partisan supporters during his lifetime, only to be recognized after death both by opponents and supporters as a patriotic and constructive statesman. This is certainly true of Washington, of Adams, of Lincoln, and of Roosevelt. It is no less true of Grover Cleveland.

One of the most interesting things about the recently published two-volume biography of Cleveland,[1] by Professor McElroy, of Princeton University, is that it brings out so clearly this curious damnatory and laudatory habit of mind of the American people toward their Presidents. When Washington was first inaugurated, after his marvelous leadership of the Revolution, he was hailed as the Father of his Country; when he retired on March 4, 1797, the "Aurora," the chief newspaper of the opposition, said almost in these words: "This day should be celebrated as a day of jubilee throughout the United States, for the man who has brought untold misfortunes upon his country is about to step into well-merited oblivion."

When Grover Cleveland was inaugurated President on March 4, 1885, he was hailed as the champion of honesty in politics, the man who would and could treat public office as a public trust; upon his final retirement from the Presidency on March 4, 1897, just one hundred years after the "Aurora" had condemned Washington to everlasting oblivion, the Atlanta "Constitution," one of the strong and influential organs of the Democratic party,

[1] Grover Cleveland, the Man and the Statesman. By Robert McElroy, Edwards Professor of American History, Princeton University. 2 vols. Harper & Brothers, New York. $10.

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declared: "Grover Cleveland will go out under a greater burden of popular contempt than has ever been excited by a public man since the foundation of the Government."

The utter worthlessness of such passionate contemporary judgments must occur to every reader of the calm and well-considered estimate of Cleveland written a quarter of a century after his final Presidential term closed, by the greatest living representative of the Republican party. Elihu Root, in the Introduction which he contributes to Professor McElroy's volumes, has this to say of Cleveland:

> He had strong common sense, simplicity and directness without subtlety, instinctive and immovable integrity, perfect courage, a kindly nature with a great capacity for friendship and with great capacity also for wrath which made him a dangerous man to trifle with. There was nothing visionary or fanatical about him, but he had a natural hatred for fraud and false pretense, and a strong instinct for detecting the essential quality of conduct by the application of old and simple tests of morality. . . . No thoughtful and patriotic American, to whatever party he may belong, and however much his opinions may differ from those of Mr. Cleveland, can read the story of his Administrations without admiration and sympathy, or without a sense of satisfaction that his country can on occasion produce and honor such a man as Grover Cleveland.

This tribute appeals to me, not only on account of its fine spirit of justice, but because—a much more petty reason, I suppose—it enables me with some self-complacency to say to myself, "I told you so." For I voted for Cleveland in 1884 and in 1892, and would have voted for him in 1888 if I had not that year lost my vote by reason of unavoidable absence from my native State. Born and brought up a Republican, I had cast my first vote in a Presidential election for General Garfield. In 1884, however, I was one of the "young Mugwumps" who resented the nomination of Mr. Blaine. I well remember the political passion of those days. They were recalled recently when I was discussing Mr. McElroy's sympathetic but wise and impartial story of Cleveland's career with an old and dear friend of mine over the luncheon table. My friend had been a captain in a Vermont regiment during the Civil War, and therefore his Republicanism rests upon a very much deeper foundation than my own. When I told him I had been a Cleveland Republican in 1884, he remarked with courtesy but unmistakable decision: "I can forgive your voting for Cleveland, but I cannot forgive your voting against Blaine, who was one of the ablest, noblest, and purest-minded statesmen this country has ever produced!"

(C) Gutekunst

GROVER CLEVELAND

Such was the glamour of the "plumed knight" from Maine in the eyes of a great multitude of personal followers. Henry Clay and James G. Blaine had a personal charm which Cleveland did not possess. Their followers voted for them out of personal devotion; Cleveland's adherents, I think, were not so much attracted by the man as by the principles for which he stood.

The main facts of his life are known, of course, to every man who takes an interest in American political history. He was the son of a clergyman with a pitifully small income; he had to forego an education at Hamilton College, which he ardently desired, because as a boy it was necessary for him to support himself and help his widowed mother; he succeeded in studying law as a clerk in an office in Buffalo; he became successively Assistant District Attorney, Sheriff of his county, and Mayor of his city, the most important in the State except New York; his integrity and efficiency as Mayor gave him a reputation throughout the State; he was elected Governor; his unterrified courage and unswerving integrity as Chief Executive of the State gave him a reputation throughout the Nation. Thus he became President.

His election to that high office is perhaps a unique example of the greatest honor in American political life being conferred upon a man solely for administrative merit. He never liked machine politics and the political machine never liked him. The Democratic bosses took him because they had been out of power for twenty-four years and they were willing to do anything to get into power again. To their intense disgust, however, they found that when he had carried the Democratic party to victory he had no intention of giving them what they thought was their share of the spoils. They had to renominate him in 1888, but they did it apathetically, and he was defeated. Mr. Harrison, his political opponent, was elected. But Mr. Harrison proved to be politically a "colder proposition" even than Cleveland, and the Republican bosses became apathetic. The independent vote—that is to say, the vote which is always independent of boss dictation and which therefore always holds the balance of power—believing then, as it believes now, that the aphorism ascribed to Cleveland, "Public office is a public trust," expresses the basic principle of good government, placed him in the Presidential chair again. Thus Cleveland is the only American who has been nominated three successive times for the Presidency.

Cleveland's two Administrations were characterized chiefly by a steady, patient, faithful, almost drudge-like attention to the day's work. There was nothing picturesque about it, unless his marriage while in the White House to a young and beautiful woman, the daughter of a former law partner, may be called picturesque. Only one great dramatic action stands out during his eight years in the White House—his abrupt and forceful ultimatum to Great Britain in connection with the Venezuelan dispute. He practically threatened Great Britain with war if she declined to submit to international arbitration the controversy with Venezuela on a boundary question.

This ultimatum coming like a bolt out of a clear sky shocked practically everybody. Prosperous, and therefore peace-loving, Americans thought it was jingoism; the British people, who believed the whole world ought to recognize their supreme imperial power, thought it was an insult; and Europe was startled to find that the

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American Republic, which had never been considered a factor in world politics, would have to be taken into account as a world power. To the everlasting credit of the British Government, its good sense got the better of its surprise and chagrin; the result was a great act of arbitration—the greatest in its influence on international affairs that the world had known up to that time, with the possible exception of the settlement of the Alabama Claims.

In three important movements of American political policy Cleveland may be fairly said to have been a pioneer—the movement for sound money, the movement for a Civil Service based on merit, and the movement for the settlement of international disputes by judicial procedure. Because of his leadership in these directions—a leadership which sprang from blunt action rather than philosophical reasoning—he well deserves the growing respect in which his name is held by his countrymen.

A RHINE REPUBLIC?

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE BY ELBERT FRANCIS BALDWIN

FOR a considerable epoch the Rhineland has belonged to Prussia. To-day a Rhine Republic was proclaimed here.

As I went out early this morning I was astonished to find the shops closed. I wondered if it meant some church holiday. But when I saw a barricade, then I surmised that in the night Wiesbaden had followed Aachen's example and had proclaimed a Rhine Republic.

It was so. Last night a body of separatist storm troops succeeded in getting hold of the City Hall. They raised their green-white-red flag over it.

This event seems to have been accomplished with a strange lack of opposition from the German Wiesbaden police. As soon as he heard of what was happening, General Mordacq, at the head of the French troops here, commanded this police to keep order without brutality. The police chief replied that it could not be done. Thereupon the General ordered the French troops and gendarmerie to police duty, disarmed the Wiesbaden policemen and sent them to their homes.

Meanwhile, though the overwhelming majority of the population knew nothing of what was going on, a great number of people had assembled in front of the City Hall, crying, "Bloodhounds," "Bloody devils," etc., and made such an effective demonstration that the separatists had to reply by using their pistols. Fortunately, no one was killed, but a number of persons were badly wounded.

Then the French took the situation in hand. Their policy is to keep order, but to allow all possible freedom of speech and action. Hence they have not permitted the German police to suffocate the budding separatist movement.

The revolutionists here were not slow in following up their victory by sticking posters everywhere announcing:

> The day of Rhenish freedom has arrived.
>
> The Rhenish Republic is proclaimed!

This morning, therefore, I found the City Hall in charge of new functionaries wearing armbands striped in green, white, and red.

On the other hand, however, as an offset, there was an indignant general strike in the town. No street cars were running, no morning papers appearing (and the curious thing was that, when they did appear to-night, they had accounts of the fight, but no editorial comment on it!). As I have said, the frightened shopkeepers had shut their shops. When this happens, just for one day only, it seems as if it were the last straw to break the German camel's back. The people should not be permitted to lose one chance to buy or sell, no matter how small their stocks, whether of goods or of money.

There was no more shooting. Instead of the usual German police standing at the crossroads, we now saw the French gendarmerie. Many policemen were also continually riding through the streets where the largest number of people were accustomed to assemble, dispersing any too great a crowd. Yet during the entire day I detected nothing rough or unpleasant on either the French or the German side. That the Germans were quiet surprised me as I reflected on the disagreeable astonishment of the German majority at last night's event. The conduct of the French I had a chance to note at first hand. As I was half-way between Friedrichstrasse and Luisenstrasse I saw a blue cloud suddenly appear at the end of my street. It was a row of French *patrouilles* on horseback, rapidly "cleaning" the street—that is to say, the solid line extended from side to side, including the sidewalks! It was coming apparently quickly towards me. No one could pass through it, and, as all doors were closed and bolted, there was nothing to do but to retreat with lightning speed to Friedrichstrasse! As the soldiers swept by I noticed that they were not riding so fast, after all; that they were riding carefully lest they hurt some one and that their manner was quite simple and not at all arrogant.

Why has the success of the few separatists, in contrast to the many nationalists, been possible? I did not discover one man who could explain it. But a German lady did. She said: "Our city consists chiefly of inhabitants formerly well-to-do if not rich, aristocrats, and people with just enough income not to have to work. But the new conditions have cut off their incomes and have given them no chance to work, even if they knew how. They have grown so weary and hopeless that they no longer have the strength for any initiative, certainly not for any resistance." To-day I saw some of these people on the streets, standing in little groups, looking furtively around, apprehensive, and wondering what would happen next.

The separatists are not, as are other Germans, conservatively inclined, not given to changes, and clinging to tradition.

I had expected to find enthusiastic groups of separatists on the streets, celebrating their victory, but groups of that kind were nowhere to be seen.

Why did they choose just this moment to proclaim an independent Republic? First, because the mark has sunk out of sight, and, second, because the rebellion of Bavaria and Saxony against Berlin offers a chance for their own rebellion. In my opinion, however, they are overplaying their hand and are making a mistake. All that the bulk of the Rhineland north of Mayence is ready for is what the Palatinate, south of Mayence, is waiting to do—swing clear from Prussia as the Palatinate would swing clear of Bavaria, but remain a great Rhenish autonomous state within the German realm's confines.

Before the war I repeatedly visited the Rhineland, and I always noted certain differences between the Rhinelanders and the Prussians.

The Rhinelander is slim; the Prussian, heavy.

The Rhinelander is alert and lively; the Prussian, slow and moody.

The Rhinelander is friendly; the

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Prussian, sometimes a Boche! In short, physically, mentally, and socially the Rhinelander seems to me to belong to quite another race than the Pruss.

The political differences are as noteworthy. In general, the Rhinelander is a democrat; the Prussian, an aristocrat—one has the feeling, in looking at the Pruss, as if one also saw a long sword clanking after him. Anyway, the Rhinelander's ideas on politics are more humane and liberal than are the Prussian's.

Hence, simply because of these racial, mental, social, and political reasons, I would have been by no means surprised before the war to have discovered separatist tendencies here in the Rhineland.

Since the war, however, other reasons have developed to strengthen my opinion, with the result that the decision of to-day is not at all surprising; for years it might have been prophesied.

The first new reason is that given in the separatist proclamation: "Berlin has plunged us into misery." Now the Berlin Government has done something to keep people going. For example, it has created the possibility of new employment by greatly increasing the post and railway personnel and by energetically going ahead with some gigantic state works, like the North Sea-Black Sea Canal. But it has left some things undone. It has not had the nerve to collect the coal tax; the coal barons have therefore become that much richer and the people (to whom the money really belongs) that much poorer. The rich have thus stolen from the poor. Again, the Government has not dared to forbid sending money out of Germany. Most of the enormous sum of, say, 15,000,000,000 to 20,000,000,000 gold marks now in England, America, Holland, and Switzerland ought to be here to be used for the general German good. Finally, the Government has not forbidden the great employers of labor to pay their men a weekly wage in depreciated money, instead of reckoning it day by day according to the mark's exchange value, as shopkeepers do. The result of this has been an enormous gain to the employer every time the mark drops and a proportionate extra loss to the already too poor workman.

The second new reason for a separate Rhineland is the hope of the Rhinelanders to get something out of France; perhaps an easing of the Versailles Treaty provisions, so shamefully evaded by Germany, in return for the Rhinelanders' promise to carry out their part of these provisions. But, in any event, they want a guaranty for a new currency, for they are naturally fugitives from the worthless old. As soon as the new state is

(C) Keystone

HERR MATTHES (HATLESS), PRIME MINISTER OF THE RHINE REPUBLIC, URGING YOUNG MEN TO JOIN THE SEPARATIST ARMY

erected the leaders of the movement have promised that one of its first acts shall be the creation of a new currency on a gold-mark basis.

The third new reason for a separate Rhineland is the influence of France and Belgium. Officially neutral of course they must be. But it is hard to believe that the separatist movement does not command their active sympathy. French money, assert the nationalists here, has ever been behind the movement, and is now more than ever. How otherwise would the separatists have obtained their arms? To-night at dinner a German said to me: "I only need to go to the separatists and tell them I am one of them to receive both money and arms." Moreover, the French aim, declare the nationalists, has long been to dismember Germany so as the better to rule Europe. Finally, this has special reference to the Rhineland because, in case of another war, France and Belgium, presumably allies, could manage affairs more easily if the Rhineland were separate from Prussia, and still more were it entirely neutral. This is doubtless true, but if the dismemberment of Germany were the aim of France why did she not precipitate the division between Bavaria and Berlin, as she might very well have done a year ago?

The last reason will sound trivial alongside the foregoing, but it exists nevertheless—the personal ambition of certain Germans, who feel themselves called to be Presidents and Vice-Presidents of the new Republic. Their cause would be far surer of success if they themselves saw eye to eye in certain matters. Four contrasted opinions nevertheless we find in the leaders—Dorten now from Coblenz, Smeets from Cologne, Matthes from Düsseldorf, and Deckers from Aachen. The largest ultimate influence, however, may not be that of any one man or of any one nation, but of a Church. The influence of the Catholic Church in the Rhineland is mighty. In the long run, it will hardly go to extremes—an independent Rhineland on the one hand, or, on the other, a return to Prussia. It may be expected, as far as the younger clergy are concerned, to incline to a golden mean. This must indeed be golden, if the Rhineland is to be an independent state. It would need more than an independent currency. It would need loans and credits. From whom would these come? France; because if France had helped the Republic to be born, it certainly could not allow it to die. It would cost an enormous amount, for an independent Rhineland would be more or less cut off on both sides from the markets for its produce and industries. These considerations are making both French and Germans think out the problem more thoroughly. Not only, therefore, will the poorly organized and concentrated separatist forces in many towns be to-day responsible for more than one shipwreck to the movement, but sober second thoughts will, I feel sure, show even now to the leaders that their only enduring success lies in autonomy rather than in independence.

This is the first time that I have ever been in a town which is in a state of siege. That is the result of separatist conflict. From 6 P.M. to 6 A.M. we must all be in our respective dwellings. As I look out into the night perfect quiet seems to obtain in the town. The military police are patrolling the streets below. Above, for a moment, the moon shines, then hides herself, doubtless astonished to see Wiesbaden in such a condition. But the light has shown the leaves still green. Despite her sins and her misery, there is still hope for the Rhineland.

Wiesbaden, October 23, 1923.

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WHAT MR. McADOO STANDS FOR[1]

BY GEORGE F. MILTON, JR.

The accompanying estimate of Mr. McAdoo's probable platform is based on discussions which the author has had with Mr. McAdoo. Mr. Milton has known Mr. McAdoo for some years and should be in a position to give an authoritative statement

CONSIDERATIONS of the 1924 campaign always bring up the name of William G. McAdoo. Those talking it over may be Al Smith men or Underwood men, Coolidge men or advocates of La Follette. But they always come around to McAdoo, his chances, his record, and his reputed policies.

If it is an Underwood or Coolidge supporter talking, some such phrase as this will be interlarded into the conversation: "McAdoo's 'unsafe;' he's for Government ownership of railways."

An authoritative pronouncement of the real views of the former Secretary of the Treasury would disclose a very different attitude. Of course Mr. McAdoo is not committing himself publicly upon every issue before the American people so far ahead of even the preliminary active campaign for the Democratic nomination. But he has not kept his views a deep secret, and enough is known of them to justify a prediction as to their general substance.

Let me attempt to state a few of the broad principles of public policy which I have reason to think will be vigorously urged by Mr. McAdoo:

The railway situation needs attention. The Esch-Cummins Law has been a failure. It has imposed heavier rate burdens on the public than can possibly be justified. This should be corrected. Excessive railway rates are tremendous economic handicaps.

This does not mean that Mr. McAdoo is committed to the theory of public ownership of railways. It can definitely be stated that he has never been, and is not now, convinced of the necessity of this radical change in our economic fabric. The statements of his assailants to the contrary, the former Director-General of the main trunk lines of American railways does not intend, if elected President, to knock things galley west and take over the roads for the Government.

Mr. McAdoo is, however, a believer in the sound American doctrine of the greater good for the greater number; in other words, that the railways exist to serve the people, instead of the people having been created for the exclusive benefit of the railways. He feels that private ownership has *not* exhausted its capacity for the operation of the rail properties, and that it is entitled to another opportunity to demonstrate its ability or inability to handle the problem with satisfaction to shipper, worker, and stockholder.

This should be given, under more efficient Government supervision, so that the public's interests will be protected. Mr. McAdoo is not an adherent of the Plumb plan, nor a disciple of Karl Marx or Kautsky. He is just plain American, born in a little Georgia town of Scotch-Irish forebears, with that little-town feeling that the public's rights are paramount.

Then there is the farmer. Mr. McAdoo has put his finger unerringly on the causes for the agricultural depression: shrinking markets, too high rail rates, too much spread between producer and consumer. We cannot afford to let the farmer go—he must be saved. No nation can survive half free and half slave, whether that slavery be political, social, or economic. Nor can any nation be sane and sound with its biggest industry on the rocks.

What the farmer needs is markets. He must have, of course, enough credit facilities. What he needs most are wider markets, so that he can sell at a profit. If he can make profits, he will have plenty of credit. Bankers do not consider deficits good security. His crops are large. But he can't sell them—that is to say, he cannot dispose of that surplus above the domestic requirements which determines the price for the whole. He is raising more wheat, cotton, and other commodities than America herself can use. And Europe is substantially out of the market. Exchange rates which would do credit to Lilliput and Brobdingnag, seesawing budgets, disorganized currencies, evaporating gold reserves, ridiculously gigantic public debts, have had their effect on private industry. Germany, for instance, is importing only half as many tons of American wheat as she took before 1914. The flour deficit is being met out of potatoes which used to go to the hogs. All over the Continent the dollar looks as big as Mount Everest. Europe wants to buy, but can't finance her purchases. Until she is able to do so the American farmer's status cannot improve markedly.

How can America aid the stabilization of Europe and help put the unhappy Continent back on a cash-and-carry basis? By abandoning this futile and ridiculous policy of isolation; by aiding diplomatically and economically in the adjustment of current difficulties overseas; by pursuing a policy of sensible co-operation without political entanglements; by promoting an era of tolerance and good will; by using our influence to secure a general reduction in armaments, allowing the return to productive employment of hundreds of thousands who ought to be in the factory or on the farm instead of in the barracks or on the Ruhr; in general, by fearing God, loving our fellow-man, and playing a noble and self-respecting part in the world.

There are things which can be done for the farmer at home; his attempt at working out co-operative marketing of his products should be given every possible assistance. These will ameliorate his present difficulties to some extent by bringing him a somewhat larger part of the consumer's dollar. Credit facilities which would enable the farmer to convert short-term, high-interest obligations into long-term paper at a bearable interest rate should be provided. Technical and marketing obstacles should be eliminated. Profitable markets are the farmer's main need. Railway rates for farm products should be reduced and made more commensurate with products' values and service rendered.

Obstacles must be removed from the path of such enterprises as proposed by Henry Ford at Muscle Shoals; the interests of the farmer and the South deserve Governmental consideration fully as much as the ship-owner and the steel manufacturer.

The Fordney-McCumber tariff, an economic abortion, must be modified, and the "American valuation plan" subterfuge for excessive increases in tariff rates discarded.

The Prohibition Amendment must be enforced. Tampering with the basic law and flagrant violation of its enforcement acts must be stopped. Whether violators be princes or paupers, they must feel the stern displeasure of the law. Complaisance with evasion and infraction of the Volstead Act must not be permitted.

There are, to be sure, many other subjects in which Mr. McAdoo is

[1] See editorial comment.

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keenly interested. An investigation of the propaganda campaign carried on by the Association of Railway Executives against his service as administrator of the railways during the war year 1918 would not be unproductive of interesting information. Regarding it Mr. McAdoo says:

"The Association of Railway Executives has engaged in a deliberate and organized falsification for the last three years about Federal control of the railroads, because it has realized that only by poisoning public opinion could it accomplish the selfish purposes it has had in view.

"It would be interesting to know how many millions have been spent by the railroads on false propaganda. Every dollar of this illegitimate expenditure has been paid for by the people through increased freight and passenger rates."

He further does not hesitate to say that the operations under private management cost the people from 17 to 22 per cent more than under Federal control, the increased cost being met by higher rates. In his testimony before the Senate Committee on Inter-State Commerce in February, 1922, he says:

"It is shown that restored private operations of the railroads had cost the public 17 per cent to 22 per cent more than under Federal control. Subsequent results from private operation show greater cost to the public than during Federal control. Yet in order to discredit Federal control the railroad executives have constantly and falsely claimed that the cost of Federal operation was much greater than the cost of private operation. For instance, they claim the loss by the Federal operation totaled $1,800,000,000, whereas actually it was $714,000,000, of which only $216,000,000 was incurred during my administration.

"But they add to this $714,000,000 the total cost of transportation of all kinds for the war purposes—coastwise steamships, inland waterways, Pullman company, express companies, etc., which brought the total to $1,200,000,000. And now they add to this an extra $600,000,000, which comes from the Esch-Cummins Bill, which, without any consideration whatever, guaranteed the railroads against all operative losses from March 1 to September 1, 1920, and gave them a bonus or subsidy of $453,000,000 besides.

"Now this bonus is no part of the legitimate costs of Federal control. Why should it, voluntarily given by the Congress in 1920, be charged up, in whole or in part, to my administration of the railroads in 1918, or to Mr. Hines's administration of the railroads in 1919? If Congress chose to give away $600,000,000 of the people's money in this fashion, neither I nor Mr. Hines can be charged with responsibility for it."

WILLIAM G. McADOO

This has been called "the age of propaganda," and, like poison gas, the fumes of propaganda are everywhere. It is the hardy man who can keep from getting burned by the mustard gas of prejudice, insidious information, or lies. One successful agent of a stockholders-owned insurance company has even gone so far as to use the general conception of the Government's conduct of the railways, as he phrases it, as a "knock-out" argument in selling his non-participating policy.

"I tell the prospect a participating policy means one that is with a company owned by the policy-holders themselves, while a non-participating policy means one in a company owned by stockholders. And you know you'd rather have a policy where the officers are keen on their jobs. It's just like the railways, under private control and under McAdoo. . . .

"And every business man sees the point right away, and those names on the dotted line look mighty good," he commented naïvely.

Such is the product of propaganda. The insurance agent did not realize that he had been made a party to America's great delusion: that McAdoo "ruined the railways." It is not strange that he should have fallen, for the whir of the Wall Street nightingale and call of the private car bulbul have been strong in the land for many moons. The real wonder is that we don't universally believe that William Gibbs McAdoo was personally and officially guilty of tearing up thousands of miles of track and making the trains so late that they haven't yet arrived at their terminals. If all of us haven't this thought, it isn't the fault of the sobbing presidents in their private cars nor of their ink-exuding press agents. If the Inter-State Commerce Commission were to add to its list of required reports from railways one asking them to give, in tons of paper and barrels of ink, the statement denouncing McAdoo "who wrecked the railways," the figures would be staggering. Likewise the figures on the amounts of money the railways have spent in their publicity campaign of falsification would be intensely interesting. It is small wonder that to-day, when Mr. McAdoo is looming up on the horizon as a probable occupant of the White House after March 5, 1925, the press agents should have been stirred to renewed frenzy and are dripping shrieks from every mimeograph.

Yet there is no use whatsoever disguising the fact that Mr. McAdoo will be a candidate for the Democratic nomination for the Presidency in 1924. Already thousands of people over the country are urging him to make known officially his willingness to accept the honor. The memory of San Francisco, where without organization, in opposition to his definitely expressed wishes, and in spite of obstacles of a nature which were extremely embarrassing, McAdoo for many ballots led the field, should be enough to demonstrate his personal strength in the party. He would not even state that if nominated he would accept, and the floor leaders did not receive the slightest assistance from him; yet James M. Cox won only by the skin of his teeth, with the assistance of elements which in the election campaign proved a millstone around his neck.

These thousands of friends all over the country who tried in vain to nominate McAdoo in 1920, unwilling though he was, are already laying their plans to win with him in 1924. They do not intend to be balked; and they say that their programme is progressing with almost unbelievable success. It is their belief that McAdoo can crystallize about himself those liberal forces which can by election success take the United States from the side-track of isolated impotence and put it on the main line of domestic prosperity and world rehabilitation. Not by any patent nostrums of the Johnsons, Magnus or maximus; not by the side-steppings of the Republican Old Guard; but by a broad-minded, big-hearted, sensible co-operation and service.

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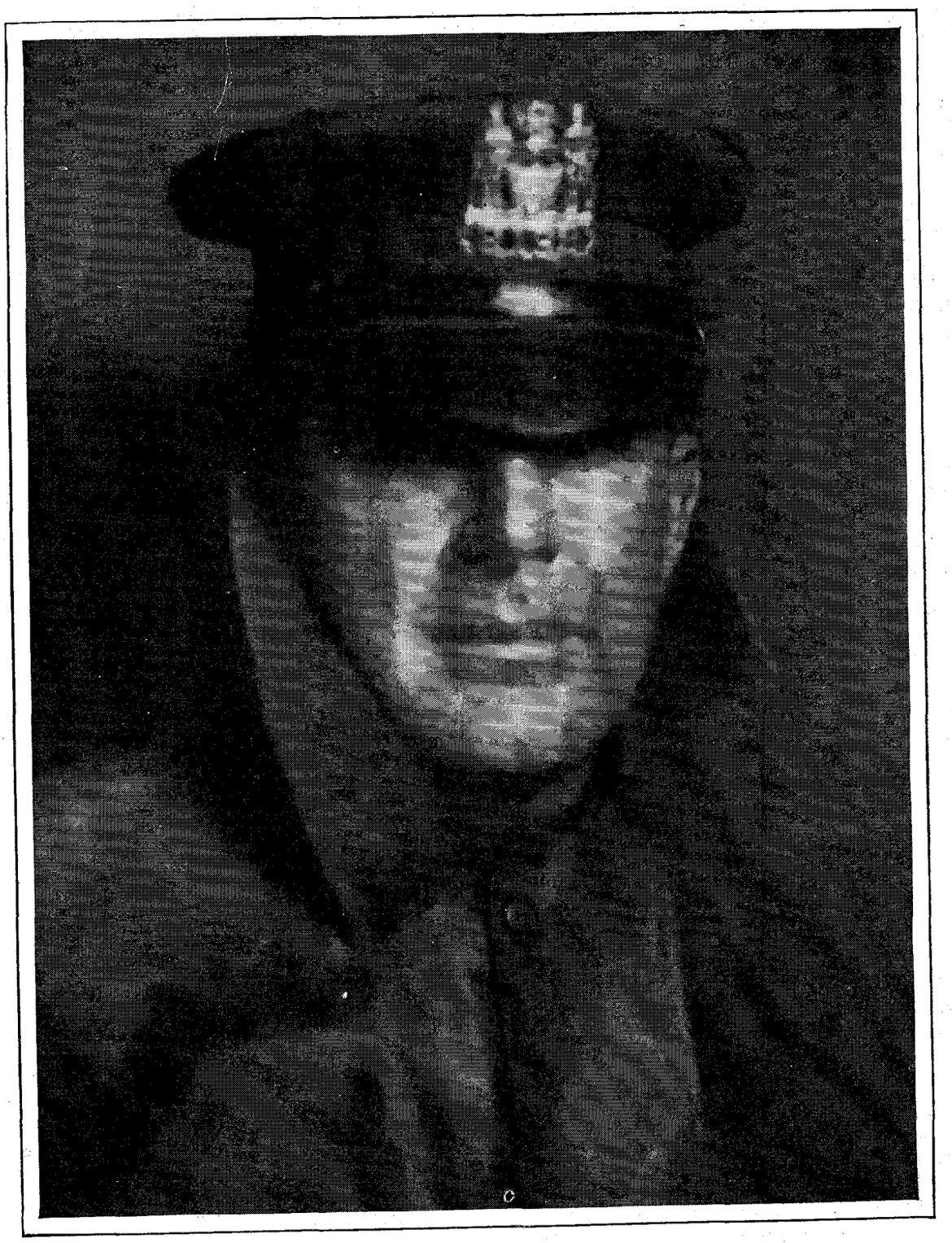
FRIENDS OF WAYFARER



THE TRAFFIC OFFICER

These pictures are from a "one-man exhibition" by Dr. Theron W. Kilmer, of New York City, held in the galleries of the Camera Club of that city. They are technically known as "multiple gum prints," in the making of which Dr. Kilmer is a past-master.

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AND OF SEAFARER

THE PILOT

Gum prints ordinarily have a somewhat smudgy appearance, but these vigorous portraits are perfect in detail without being what the artists call "tight" in their effect. The exhibition will be seen later in the season in Buffalo, Chicago, and other cities

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BEHIND THE WHITE HOODS

THE REGENERATION OF OKLAHOMA

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE FROM STANLEY FROST

The Outlook's special correspondent gives here another chapter in the troubled history of Oklahoma. Two other descriptions from his pen of the dramatic happenings of this political conflict appeared in our issues of November 7 and 14. The fourth and last article in this series will follow next week

WHEN Governor Walton ordered out militia to suppress the Ku Klux Klan in Oklahoma, he at least got the one thing which every politician most desires—advertising and the strength it brings. He also added instantly to his personal following in the State a large and powerful body of voters held together by the hatred and opposition which the Klan and its methods inevitably create. Finally, he focused attention on the Klan issue, which had been a powerful though quiet influence in the State election and which was growing in importance in many places. Thus he buried for a time all questions about the quality of his administration—questions he found it troublesome to face.

These results amply proved the soundness of his action from a political point of view. From the moral standpoint there was some doubt; as has been stated, the immediate situation did not seem to demand such drastic treatment. The night-riding had almost died out; there was a general feeling that the Klan was losing ground; the whipping of Hantaman was not an unusually outrageous affair—no worse than scores which had passed without excitement and not so bad as the lynching in Oklahoma City when Walton was Mayor. So the attack, morally speaking, had to be justified, if at all, on the ground that the Klan's threat to orderly and democratic government was great enough to make it the Governor's duty to seize upon the Hantaman affair as an excuse for drastic measures, of doubtful legality and tending toward dictatorship.

In considering this situation I must ask the reader to hold in suspense, as far as may be, previous opinions about the Klan and its membership, and to judge the case afresh. I myself learned the need of this from the first man I interviewed in the State. He is a fine type, a graduate of one of our famous universities, editor of a powerful progressive paper, a leader in work for good government on the broadest lines, a decided liberal, and a mighty fighter against the Klan. He had been a supporter of Walton's. This is what he said:

"You'll never get things straight here if you think of the Klan as a lot of scalawags and criminals. It has some of these, mostly early members, but its real strength came after it had become a reform organization. It includes many of the best people in the State; it is strongly supported by most of the Protestant organizations, and the great majority of preachers are in it. It has been on the right side in most public questions and there is not a shadow of doubt that so far its influence has been good. There is no use in raising a false issue; it is the Klan's methods and possibilities that are the indefensible things, and it must be fought on them and not on the basis of lies about its members or purposes or accomplishments."

The general facts about the history of the Klan in the State are agreed to by both friends and enemies, though with great differences in emphasis. The Klan came into the State about five years ago, when the movement was very young. The first members were rather poor timber—not criminal, but either young and hot-headed or fanatical social meddlers anxious to straighten out their neighbors with whips; in general, from the lower middle class. It made small headway.

About two years ago there was a distinct change in the quality of the propaganda and organization work. The Klan turned definitely to the reform of lawlessness and official corruption. It stressed religion. It professed the highest purposes, the purest Americanism. And it caught on. It began to draw into its membership much stronger men—lawyers, merchants, officials. It won the almost unanimous support of the Protestant clergymen—men who are often of the illiberal, "Fundamentalist" type, but always conscientious and prayerful. The lowest estimate made was that sixty per cent of them are in it, and some estimates from well-informed men run as high as ninety-five per cent. It became respectable; it even became the recognized instrument of progress!

"I joined the Klan because it was doing the things that needed to be done," one influential man explained. "It was cleaning up, and God knows we needed cleaning up. I didn't like its methods and don't yet, but it was the only crowd that was doing anything decent."

"I'd join it to-day if I could put a button on my coat," said another man who was described to me as "the most liberal and progressive mind in the State." "I'm not in favor of some of its principles, but so far as actual achievement is concerned I believe in everything it is doing. But I don't believe in espionage and terrorism."

With this change the Klan became not only the most active "force for righteousness" in the State, but probably the most powerful, though its strength is always screened and therefore debatable. Either openly or covertly it attacked the immediate and flagrant evils. And as soon as this was recognized—that is more than a year ago—members offered so fast that it began to pick and choose, and rapidly improved the average quality of its membership.

The personnel remained decidedly mixed, however, because of the diversity of motives which led to membership. These were many in addition to approval of the Klan's general purpose of keeping America free from subversion by alien or hostile influences. They included the desire to stop crime, the desire to clean up local and State governments, the wish to stop bootlegging, moonshining, and dope-selling. But they also included prejudice against Roman Catholics, Jews, or Negroes, hope of political power, a wish to censor their neighbors' actions under safe cover, plans for avenging personal grievances through the Klan power, need of protection, expectation of business profit—in some cases merely the desire for fun and romance. In some cases too there was undoubtedly fear of the Klan itself.

And the Klan—whatever the wishes of its leaders and its avowed purposes—actually did to some extent fulfill all these desires and hopes. Its leaders declare that it has not as an organization indorsed or countenanced violence or meddling, protection of its members from legal process, or the wreaking of private grudges; but there is no doubt that all these things did occur and to a less extent are still occurring.

"There was undoubtedly a lot of poor timber taken into the Klan," Clay Jewett, Grand Dragon (State chief) of the Klan for Oklahoma, admitted. "We are getting rid of them as fast

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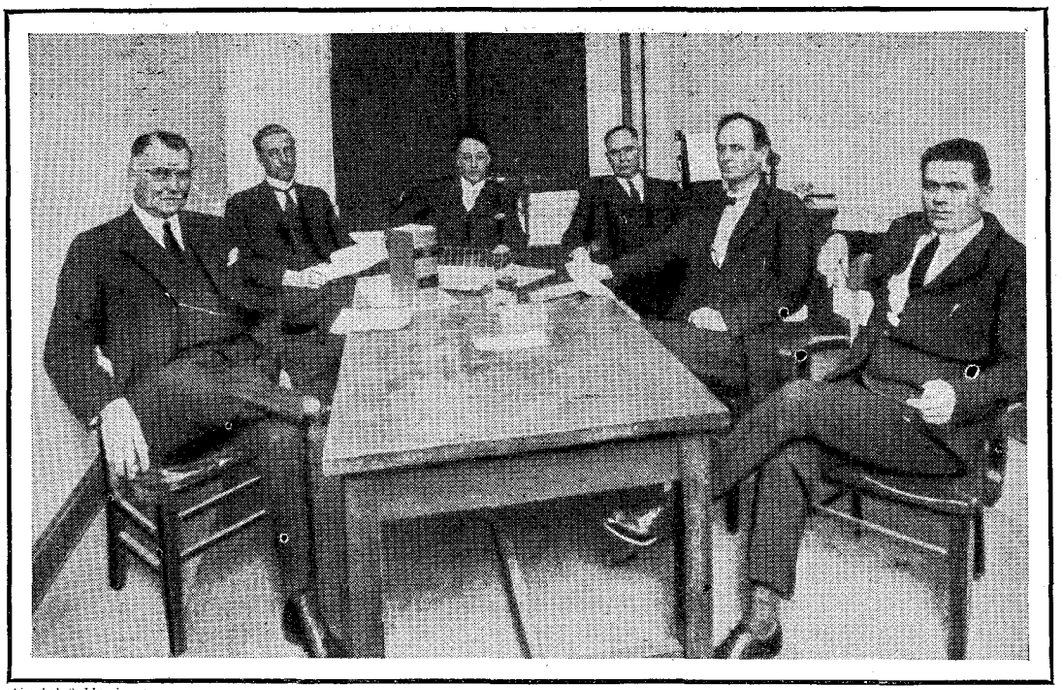
THE KLAN'S ANTAGONIST

THE TRIAL OF GOVERNOR WALTON BEFORE THE OKLAHOMA SENATE—THE GOVERNOR AND HIS COUNSEL

Left to right—H. Bart Martin, of Tulsa; F. V. Riddle, of Tulsa; Governor Walton; Claude Nowlin, of Oklahoma City; Tom Neale, of Poteau; J. C. Sprague, of Idabel



Kadel & Herbert

as we can, though we haven't got them all out yet. The Klan grew too fast for careful choosing, but so far as it is in our power we will not allow it to be a shelter for any kind of lawlessness or poor citizenship. We want this to be a decent, law-abiding, well-educated white man's country, and any man who wants anything else doesn't belong in the Klan and can't stay in it long."

Mr. Jewett, however, has only recently become Grand Dragon, and there is evidence that his predecessor did not hold the same views. In any case the organization and methods of the Klan make it easy for a few members (or even outsiders) to get together, use its masks and power for any purpose that pleases them, and hide, if not under the direct protection of the Klan, at least under the protection which is given by the mystery and terror it inspires. If people think the Klan is behind the marauders, that is usually enough.

Secrecy and mystery are part of the fundamental policy of the Klan. Their reasons for this and their justification will be discussed later. For the present purpose it is enough to point out that they do two things: produce a terror which is greater because it cannot be exactly measured, and make counter-action difficult because of the impossibility of knowing for certain that the very man most trusted is not secretly a Klansman, spying upon and reporting every action. These things combine to protect every one who rightly or wrongly can give the impression that he is working for the Klan.

There is so much evidence that Klan members, if not the Klan officially, took part in the vigilante work described in the previous article that direct violence must be counted among the methods in the earlier days. Its justification in Oklahoma has already been discussed. But besides that the Klan used, and still uses, other forms of threat.

These are not illegal; they are, in fact, used by bodies of all kinds at many times and are not uncommon with certain organizations at all times. They are social ostracism, economic boycott, and political retaliation. These weapons are always powerful; swung with the organized power of the Klan from behind the veil which hides its strength and makes the victim utterly unable to gauge either the force or direction of the blow, they become terrifying and demoralizing. And they do terrify and demoralize.

The power which the Klan has in the State is shown in many ways. Klansmen boast and others complain that thousands live in deadly fear, not only fear of bodily harm, but of destruction of their businesses, ruin of their careers, and social isolation. This is pure terror; I found almost no complaints and no evidence that this power had been used, but it is there.

Another testimonial is the checking of bootlegging and "hijacking." This is credited to the Klan by general consent, though different observers also give credit to others in varying degrees. It is an undoubted fact.

Then there is the control which the Klan has over public officials. This cannot be measured closely, cannot indeed always be proved, but there seems no doubt that it exists. Opponents bitterly charge that in many cases it is complete and criminal. The Klan itself claims credit for the election of a dozen reform tickets in cities and counties where they were badly needed, and in most cases their claims coincide with the charges which their enemies make. These are that in these very places the entire government is "Klux," that no man not in the Klan can hold the most menial position, and that Klansmen are immune from all law.

The last charge is at least exaggerated, for several cases are pointed out where Klansmen have suffered from legal processes in these places. But there is no doubt that the Klan influence with such officials is strong. Even if the Klan had no other hold on them than gratitude, this would still be true, for it is a very poor politician who forgets the power that raised him—if it remains powerful.

This is the "Invisible Government." How powerful it is, how far used and for what purposes, must be a matter of judgment—really of more or less intelligent guesswork. My own guess is that the power is pretty complete, but that it is indirect—that is, that the Klan officials do not give orders or exert direct pressure on political officials, but that they do very largely influence them by manipulating their constituents.

Take the Legislature; it is believed that about seventy per cent of the members of the lower house are Klansmen. I asked Speaker McBee how much control it had over them.

"Not a bit," he declared. "I don't believe that it even tries to control them. It would be an insult to most of the members even to suggest such a thing. I don't believe, either, that it tries to control its members at the polls. They will naturally use any information it gives them, but that is as far as it goes."

"I tell you the Klan is not in politics," Grand Dragon Jewett declared when asked the same question. "I

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personally don't know a dozen members of the Legislature. I have never written or spoken to one of them on a political matter. We didn't even start the fight on Walton; we are not fighting any one or for anything but good government.

"The same is true of local officials. When a case comes to us that seems to need action, we bring it to the attention of the proper officer. If he doesn't act, we call that fact to the attention of our members. But we don't tell him what he ought to do or try to make him do it. The people have elected him to his job; what he does is between him and them."

This self-denying policy seemed a trifle too angelic to be real until it appeared that Mr. Jewett had written a circular letter to local Klan officials calling on them to stir up public opinion to influence their legislators in the Walton fight. But this, at worst, is an entirely legal and very common way of managing any invisible government—it is done regularly by every one who has anything on earth he or she wants any government or any official to do. If this is all, then the Invisible Government simmers down to clever propaganda, control of public opinion, and skillful use of block voting. It is dangerous just in proportion as it—or any other irresponsible power—is strong and antisocial.

In an actual campaign the Klan power is much more doubtful than when exerted upon an official. It failed to beat Walton last fall, though it did carry many local tickets. It put out an elaborate secret report on every man up at the primaries and the final election, a report which went into minute detail about the man's record, associates, purposes, and general character. If he was a Klan member, it even pointed out whether his joining had any possible connection with his ambitions. One of the men who saw it—the most bitter anti-Klan man I met—described it as incredibly complete. He admitted also that he was unable to detect any inaccuracy or unfairness in it.

But it did not work, at least so far as the State ticket was concerned. This man pointed out that two men on the same ticket, one vigorously indorsed and the other as vigorously opposed by the Klan, were only a few hundred votes apart at the finish. Mr. Jewett admitted this.

"We hadn't educated our members then to the necessity of electing the right kind of officials," he said. "They didn't know how to use the information they were given. We have enough members now to swing the balance in favor of good government at every election. And we're going to do it now"—his eyes lit up and his hand clenched—"we'll make ourselves felt from now on. But remember, we are not out for any party or policy except to see that good men are elected." That idea was repeated a dozen times in the conversation.

It should be added that most politicians—who are of a timid tribe, to be sure—seem to think that the Klan will have quite sufficient strength at the next election, and they take extreme pains not to incur its displeasure unless they have hitched their political fortunes to the attack upon it.

As to the Klan's use of its power, all the evidence agrees that so far it has been, on the whole, good in Oklahoma. It has cleaned up lawlessness, both through vigilante action and through direct better administration by officials it has elected. It has fought Walton from the start—a very distinct credit. It has fought graft, corruption, and maladministration in many ways. The towns where its members are in office are far better off than they were, even if there have been some miscarriages of justice in favor of Klansmen, as is likely.

It has also done some other things. Notably it has attacked the Catholics in many ways; opposed parish schools, tried to restore the Bible in the public schools, and fought Catholic politicians. Another matter is the passage by the last Legislature of a "monkey bill" to forbid the teaching of evolution in the public schools. This was in response to a demand by the "Fundamentalist" preachers, but credit for it is given to the Klan.

In considering the Invisible Government it must be remembered that the secrecy which is so powerful a weapon in this case turns against the Klan. Since no one knows what goes on behind the white hoods, it is possible to charge the worst of purposes, the worst of methods, and the worst of everything. Such charges are freely enough made. Bribery, intimidation, every possible evil, are alleged. These charges do not seem to me to fit well with the known record, but they cannot be disproved.

Moreover, so long as the Invisible Government remains, it may at any time be turned to different and detestable purposes. Grant that the results to-day are good, and there is still no guaranty that to-morrow, by some fluke in the secret working of the Klan, the whole power may not be thrown violently and disastrously against the public welfare.

There is one more part of the Klan's record in the State which is important. While most of the direct action at first was against lawbreakers, with whom the public had little sympathy, there is strong evidence that as time went on the vigilante work degenerated. More and more personal grudges were taken up and more and more very trivial offenses were punished. There is a good deal of sex immorality in any new community; probably not more than elsewhere, but it is less carefully veiled. Several gangs punished men charged with this—in one case a man was hideously punished on the day after a jury had acquitted him. Although few such cases came to light at the time, there was a stirring of public opinion, and night-riding was in distinct disfavor by the middle of last winter.

The Klan itself took action—rather tardily—to stop such performances by its members. The reform movement really dates back to the exposures of two years ago, but it was strengthened in Oklahoma by this situation. It culminated in an official letter issued by Grand Dragon Jewett on August 13, the day on which Hantaman was whipped and the day before martial law was declared. Mr. Jewett says that he had thought night-riding had been stopped—this was to make sure of it. A meeting of Klan officials had been held on the subject on July 29

The letter is a strong plea—in fact, a command—for strict observance of law. It is addressed "To all Hydras, Great Titans, and Furies, Giants, Exalted Cyclops and Terrors, and to all Klansmen, Realm of Oklahoma." A few quotations are:

"A campaign of law enforcement is a vital and necessary part of any comprehensive programme promulgated by our Order. . . . Law enforcement, like charity and other high virtues, begins at home. . . . We do not desire to persecute those guilty of offenses that happen to be odious to us, we do not desire to reap vengeance upon the guilty wrong-doers, we do desire to inspire respect for the law, to see justice done . . . above all, to protect society. . . . Our primary remedy in all cases is law."

The letter then urges study of conditions, education, influence on and support of officers, and fearless publicity. It concludes:

"In all cases from first to last we are to proceed through the regularly constituted authorities.

"THERE IS TO BE NO LETTER WRITING TO ANY ONE.

"THERE IS TO BE NO DIRECT ACTION WHATEVER.

"BECAUSE OF THE ACCUSATIONS AND INSINUATIONS MADE AGAINST OUR ORDER YOUR GRAND DRAGON MOST EMPHATICALLY DESIRES TO GO ON RECORD FOR ALL TIME. NEITHER IRREGULAR NOR LAWLESS ACTS OF ANY DEGREE OR DESCRIPTION FORM ANY PART OF THE PROGRAMME OR PURPOSE OF THE KNIGHTS OF THE KU KLUX KLAN AND ANY KLAN FOUND GUILTY OF SUCH VIOLATION WILL SUBJECT THEIR CHARTER TO IMMEDIATE REVOCATION AND EVERY EFFORT TO PROSECUTE THE GUILTY PARTIES THROUGH THE REGULAR PROCESS OF THE LAW."

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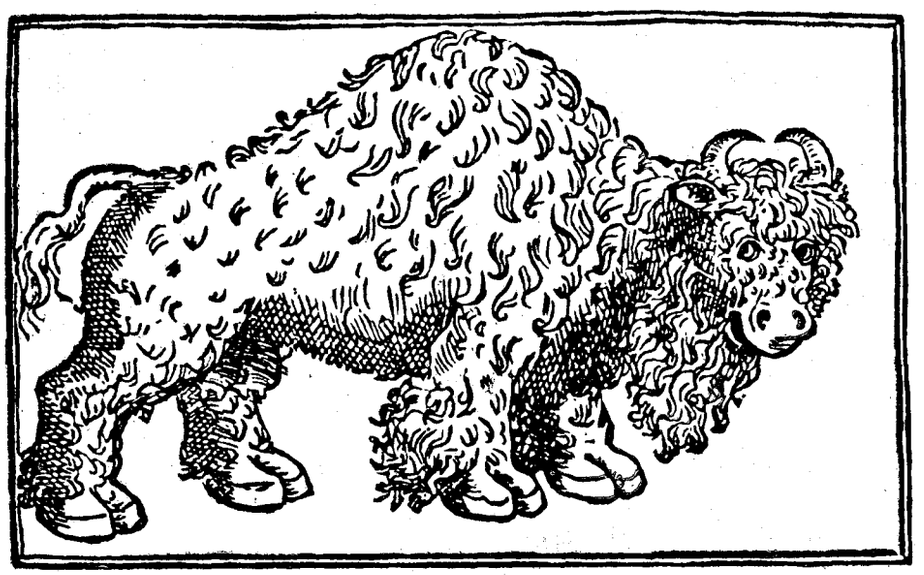
It was inevitable that with this very mixed record and reputation the opponents of the Klan should be just as badly mixed. They ran from the worst to the best. At the bottom among the Klan's enemies were the criminals and their friends; next came the grafting politicians whose prosperity had suffered in some cases and was threatened in others; a little above them were the professional politicians of all kinds—our normal invisible government—who saw a dangerous rival.

There were also naturally in the opposition all Catholics, Jews, and Negroes. And from purely patriotic motives there were all those citizens who do not believe that a democracy can thrive, or even exist, under a class, or invisible or secret government of any kind; those who hate terrorism and espionage, believing that they are worse than the evils which they can correct even when used in the best cause; those who fear that any irresponsible power which has grown dominant must inevitably at last be prostituted to evil purposes, and those who believe that unwritten law and private justice (even when it *is* justice) are in the end worse than the wrongs they are supposed to correct.

Here, then, was the strongest kind of an issue ready made to Governor Walton's hand, though as a political issue (apart from the moral phase) it was badly mixed with immorality. The way in which Walton blundered, how he kept only the worst parts of the political issue, lost the moral issue entirely and finally turned it against himself until he had united in the attack upon him not only the Klan but all the better classes, including Catholics, Jews, and all, will be told in the next article.

WILD WOOD BUFFALO

BY LLOYD ROBERTS



EARLIEST KNOWN PICTURE OF AMERICAN BUFFALO
From Gomara's Historia de las Indias, Saragossa, 1552-3

LAST December, without fuss or fanfare, the Canadian Government set aside its newest, its largest, and, from a naturalist's point of view, perhaps its most interesting national park as a wild life sanctuary *in perpetuum*. Although this park will not be able to boast of the rivers of ice and unscalable peaks of its more picturesque brothers—Banff and Yoho and Glacier—it will be unique as the habitat of the only herd of wild wood buffalo in existence. These buffalo, although undoubtedly having common origin with the legions that once blackened the North American plains and now graze their remnants in Buffalo Park, Alberta, are darker in color and much superior in size, weight, and stamina to their more southern cousins. Countless ages of protection from drought, periods of semi-starvation, extremes of temperature in a land of forest and meadow, flowing with springs and peavine, and all but devoid of enemies, have naturally stamped their approval upon the bovine physique. They are truly magnificent animals, the bulls standing as much as six feet at the shoulders and weighing 2,500 pounds, and likely to prove a valuable asset to Canada commercially as well as historically.

One is impressed again with the vastness and newness of a country in which four hundred years after discovery great areas lie still unexplored, their natural resources uncalculated, even their flora and fauna not tabulated with any degree of certainty. For instance, the exact location of the wood buffalo was unknown even to the traders and trappers of the north country, while the Government officials at Ottawa could only wave their hands vaguely toward the map of the Peace River district and laconic rangers' reports. History refers to them through the records of Samuel Hearne, Sir Alexander Mackenzie, Harmon, and Franklin as being found in the country around Great Slave Lake and the Mackenzie, while to-day "Sousa King," of Fort Resolution, asserts that his father, the notorious King Beaulie, used to put up buffalo meat north of old Fort Providence, which was then situated on Great Slave Lake, near the north channel of the Mackenzie. But the Government took little interest until one day word was brought out that hunters were beginning to kill the buffalo in defiance of the game laws. Then there was action.

Owing to their bulk and indifference to danger, it was seen that the buffalo would quickly become exterminated by the white man's guns, and that it was mainly due to the laziness of the Indians and half-breeds and the comparative inaccessibility of the range that they had been left alone in their glory for so long. But civilization, steadily creeping down the Slave, Mackenzie, and Peace Rivers, improving transportation and spoiling the hunting, would erelong push the trappers beyond the guardian muskegs of the Nyarling and the Jack Fish and make short shrift of the buffalo. So the range must be definitely located, bounded and bequeathed in sacred trust to the surviving monarchs of the woods.

Early last summer a small party, including Maxwell Graham, of the Northwest Territories branch, and Fred V. Seibert, of the Natural Resources Intelligence Service, reinforced by Billy McNeil, Chief Ranger, and Chipewyan Indian guides, set out upon this mission. Only twenty hours by train to Waterways, on the Clearwater River, two days by steamer to Fitzgerald, on the Slave, and a sixteen-mile portage by automobile to Fort Smith, and the traveler is on the fringe of the range. While the district immediately to the south and west was known to contain buffalo, their presence in the northern section was still problematical, and it would be necessary to make a careful reconnaissance before laying down arbitrary boundaries. The party entered the northern range by canoe by way of the Slave River, the portage at Le

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PLAINS BUFFALO, BUFFALO PARK, ALBERTA

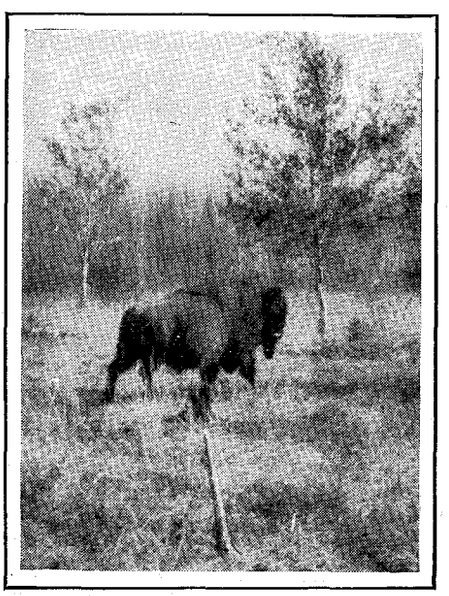
Grand Detour, Little Buffalo River, and the Nyarling, and later in the season Seibert and two Indians thoroughly traversed that section with pack-horses.

The latter trip proved a strenuous but fascinating experience. A sixteen-hour day, commencing at 4 A.M., was scarcely long enough for the work in hand, and even the time demanded for grub was donated grudgingly. Needless to say, the party traveled light—kit, clothes, and food reduced to a minimum—and there was no loitering for smokes and siestas. Sousa (Joseph) Marie, the Beau Brummel of Fort Smith, and Chief Squirrel, an uncontaminated old-timer of few words and much wisdom, grunted wonderingly over their white brother's powers of endurance and consumption. Sousa at least would have preferred a boss with a little more of the red man's philosophic indifference to time. But it was a case of getting through and catching the last boat out from Fort Smith or wait until "freeze-up" and mush it over 285 miles to the end of steel at Waterways.

They traveled Indian style, choosing the line of least resistance or taking advantage of the numerous buffalo trails that criss-cross the range in all directions. They found the country for the most part open, undulating, patched with fair-sized jack-pine, spruce, willow, and poplar, and innumerable muskegs, and having one peculiarity unique in northern Canada—sub-surface drainage. Large sink-holes occur everywhere, and at least two of its rivers, the Clewi and the Nyarling (as its name implies) might be called veritable underground rivers, dropping suddenly out of sight to reappear miles farther on. Many of the springs carry a solution of salt, while the Salt River, in the southern range, deposits generous salt-licks for his majesty's delectation.

You naturally expect animal trails to meander. Those made by the wood buffalo run straight from one definite object, such as a choice wallow or meadow, to another, a spring or upland pasture, turning aside only when some serious obstacle obtrudes. One of these, crossing the summer range, is thirty miles in length, while others connecting the two ranges extend north and south without a break for over sixty miles. Not even wide swamp or extra soft muskeg will deter your trail-maker, who will plunge through with the agility of a wild pig while emitting piglike grunts that can be heard a quarter of a mile away.

Another feature of the landscape is the wallow. Here is a bare patch of soil just big enough for one animal to roll at leisure, there a field capable of accommodating a whole herd and resembling a cattle pen on a large ranch. This is the buffalo's retreat when plagued by flies, his sun bath, his playground, the place of siesta. Surprise him here, and you will likely obtain a very good interview.



WOOD BUFFALO GROWING SUSPICIOUS OF STRANGERS AND MOVING OFF

The wood buffalo is practically the same as the plains buffalo in his habits and customs. These buffalo mate in early September, calve in June or July, migrate back and forth by the same trails, and take life easily at all times. Seibert encountered solitary bulls, small family groups, and herds containing from twelve to fifty head, but none seemed overtroubled with nerves, permitting him to sneak up to within a few score yards and only going off at a gallop when the scent became too strong. Now and then he had the rare good fortune to meet an animal face to face on the trail, to the latter's great discomfiture. But one huge bull allowed his curiosity to outweigh his caution to the extent of continuing his approach after the discovery. Seibert was unarmed and the nearest tree half a mile distant. For a few seconds the situation was decidedly embarrassing. If he tried to escape, he was lost. It was a case of taking the bull by the horns or nothing. So he ended the suspense with a forward leap and a yell, which proved too much for the monster. But, needless to say, this was not the rutting season.

It is amazing how fast these clumsy-looking animals can travel. Even when they are walking with grave dignity a man must run to overtake them, and when they are in a hurry you would need a fleet-footed horse to keep up with them. When Samuel Hearne, of the Hudson's Bay Company, first met wood buffalo south of Great Slave Lake in 1772, he described them as "of such an amazing strength that they frequently brush down trees as thick as a man's arm; and be the snow ever so deep, such is their strength and agility that they are enabled to plunge through it faster than the swiftest Indian can run on snowshoes. To this

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I have been an eye-witness many times. I once had the vanity to think that I could have kept pace with them, but, though I was at that time celebrated for being particularly fleet of foot on snowshoes, I soon found I was no match for the buffaloes, notwithstanding they were then plunging through such deep snow that their bellies made a trench in it as large as if many sacks had been hauled through it."

As a result of this small and inexpensive expedition to the wood buffalo district 10,500 square miles of territory have been withdrawn from future private use and donated to the wild wood buffalo and their descendants for all time to come, and Canada has been blessed with its tenth national park and wild life sanctuary.

MITROFAN, THE WONDER WORKER

A STORY BY EMANUEL L. NOWAK

FAR from the shadow of the Red cloud a small group of Russian refugees were gathered in a modest East Side apartment of New York. Outside, the roar of the elevated and the bustle of busy traffic filled the air; within reigned a melancholy quiet, and the few articles of foreign-made furniture which stood about spoke eloquently of the fact that the inmates were not yet in full harmony with the hustling American life which surrounded them. Reminiscences of the homeland were being exchanged under the gentle influence of a steaming samovar, which had been salvaged and brought away with great privation. The atmosphere was a bit of old Russia; the language and the deep sighs were of that distant country also.

"Ekh, brothers, the times are using us badly," complained Ivan Mikhailovitch, a corpulent merchant from the Crimea. "One lives comfortably and at peace with the world, tries to gather a few rubles against the coming of old age—and then something like this has to come out of a clear sky and dash everything away. What am I to do in a strange land, where I do not even understand what is said?"

"I think that we should be satisfied with having come off with our whole skins," said Andreev, a young man who had been an officer in the Czar's army. "Many of those poor devils at Constantinople would be glad to exchange places with us. Here you have at least a decent place to sleep and can obtain food, but there the crowding and disorder were unspeakable. Fever, typhus, and hunger carried us away by scores, and no one seemed to give us a thought." His emaciated face paled still more under the stress of his emotion.

"Why should God have punished us so?" said a mild-appearing man who sat to his right. "Was Russia more sinful than the other nations, that such a thing should happen to it; or is it a chastening to purge us and make us more amenable to His ways. Perhaps we shall be all the better for it, who knows? One must bear up under misfortune, for it is the will of God."

"It is the will of God," echoed several voices sadly. One of the women started weeping. A heavy gloom rested on the company; each one was burdened with his own thoughts. For some time they sat without speaking; the memory of their misfortunes was still fresh in their minds. Finally, a man who had not taken part in the conversation quietly set down his tea-glass and remarked: "I too admit that this black day has fallen over Russia as the result of the will of God. But I do not agree with Maksim Prokoffitch, who seems to think that it is a punishment for our sins or lack of faith. Rather do I hold that we believed too much and too blindly; there was too much superstition. This I will illustrate with one or two instances out of my own experience, if you will give me leave."

Maksim Prokoffitch wished to make a mild reply, but at a sign from the others he too contented himself with listening. The speaker had been a journalist on one of the daily newspapers in Kiev, and had the reputation of being quite a scholar—though somewhat of a skeptic withal.

"My father," he began, "had been a merchant at Yaroslavl, in White Russia, before his death from consumption. It seemed that the dampness cast out by the marshes in that section had always endangered his health, but we did not possess the means necessary for changing to some more suitable climate. My mother, a capable woman, undertook to carry on the business by herself, with whatever aid I could give her when I was home from school. I was then about twelve years old and little given to industry or study; my chief delights were tramping over the countryside and in my quieter moments reading breathlessly the exploits of Taras Bulba, the famous bandit chieftain. But, child as I was, it did not escape my notice that my mother did not dispense merely calico and other such dry goods in her store. She was a woman of forceful personality, and her piety was proverbial in our town. So it happened that many poor peasant women would come to her and pour their troubles into her sympathetic ears. They sought her advice about all the details of their simple lives, and never a one was turned away; all who applied to her for sympathy or aid went away satisfied. A quiet talk from her would often prove effective in making some husband who had been overfond of vodka go home shamefaced and vowing to take better care of his needy wife and children in the future. Thus my mother, or Maria Yakovlevna, as she was known, continued her curious mixture of dry goods and sound advice. Some even laughingly called her 'Saint Mitrofan, the Wonder-Worker.'

"Not that there were no enemies. Our friends the priests saw to it that my mother had opposition; for she was never quite orthodox in her beliefs, and chose to differ from the received doctrines. She could not, for instance, believe that God could have commanded the Hebrews under Joshua, and later under David, to massacre innocent women and children belonging to other tribes for the simple reason that they had not been created members of the Chosen People. 'And then,' she would tell the visiting priests, 'if you believe that the Jews are the Chosen People, why is it that you incite the peasants to kill them in pogroms?' Especially was she disillusioned after she saw the right arm of Russia's patron saint preserved at two widely separated monasteries, and heard that there were many other arms and legs belonging to the same saint being shown to gullible pilgrims in various shrines all over the nation. 'St. Nicholas was not a centipede,' she would say: 'all those relics must be spurious.' Then the holy men would exclaim: 'Maria Yakovlevna, you have no faith; you are an infidel!' and would take their departure, muttering angrily under their breath.

"One day, when I was about fifteen and of somewhat more use to my parent, a meanly dressed peasant woman entered the store, holding a pale, rickety child in her arms. My mother came forward and offered her a chair, into which she sank, heaving a deep sigh. 'Well, Sofronia, how are things going with you?'

"'Akh, badly, badly, Maria Yakovlevna; I can hardly tell you how much I have suffered.' The tears started coursing down her cheeks.

"'Nu! Nu! One must not give

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way like that!' said my mother, as she pulled up another chair and seated herself before the woman. 'Now tell me all about it.'

"'Do you remember that Vasili, your former coachman, whom I married? He turned out a good-for-nothing; yes, a regular good-for-nothing. (May the Black Death strike him, the scoundrel. Amen!) Well, after he married me he soon gave up working and began to ask for the money which I had saved up when I was a girl. With that he would go to the inn and get drunk, and when he got home he would start beating me without cause. I begged the innkeeper on my knees not to sell my husband any more vodka, but he only laughed at me and told me to begone. Finally the baby here came, and Vasili left me lying there helplessly on the bed and ran off with the grass-widow Lupokova, who lived near us. (The shameless hussy, to take away the father of a family like that!) If it had not been for the kindness of the neighbors, I don't think that I should have lived to be sitting here with you. After I got up on my feet no one would give me any steady work to do—who should want a poor woman with a small baby? But I don't mind all that so much as I do my poor child; the little dove hasn't had a well day since he has been on earth. Always it seemed as if one thing or another has been the matter with him, until I've often felt like leaping into the Volga with him and making an end to both of us. That is how discouraged I have felt.'

"'Akh, my golden one,' exclaimed my parent, 'how much you must have suffered! But do not lose heart. I am sure that things will go better with you before long. We must have faith in our heavenly Father, that is necessary. You have not lost faith in God, in all your tribulations, have you?'

"'Oh, no, Maria Yakovlevna, only I sometimes feel as if we—my Yeffimushka and I—were so useless in the world,' she sobbed brokenly.

"My mother sat looking silently at the woman for some time. I could see that she was thinking deeply how she might be of help to this miserable creature. Then a smile appeared on her face and she said: 'Let me have the child for a moment.' The astonished woman handed over the child without a word. 'So you feel that he is useless in the world?' The peasant nodded her head wonderingly. 'Then I will tell you what I will do—I will buy him from you!' she cried, triumphantly. 'Will you sell him to me?'

"Now, as you may perhaps already know, this so-called 'buying' of a sickly child is very common in our section of the country, and is held to be very lucky for the one 'bought.' A slow light began breaking over the pain-scarred face of Sofronia; she began to understand my mother's little scheme.

"'Oh, gladly, gladly will I sell the unfortunate little worm to you, dearest Maria Yakovlevna—if you really want him,' cried the happy parent, while her pale cheeks flushed with hope.

"'*Kharasho!* [good!] then I will buy him,' said my mother. 'Here, take this three-kopek piece. And now,' handing the child back to the woman, 'I want you to take good care of him; you know he belongs to me now. This piece of cotton goods you are to take along with you and make him a new dress out of it. But, first of all, I want you to go to the church with the little one and light a candle to the Virgin for the three-kopek piece which I have given you. Then, after you have prayed there, go your way in peace, and may good fortune attend you both!'

"I have never seen my mother look the way she did as she followed the retreating figure of the peasant woman with her eyes, who was hastening in the direction of the church with the listless infant in her arms and the precious copper coin tightly clutched in her hand. When I saw those eyes, so familiar to me since my earliest recollections, dimmed with tears of sympathy for another's misfortune, I no longer wondered at the half-jesting epithet of 'Saint Mitrofan' which was applied to her. I thereafter looked upon her in a new light.

"Then came the time of harvest in the country round about, and the whole incident became rather hazy in my mind. Those wandering harvest-hands, the *kosari*, interested me strangely; one could hear such wonderful stories from them. Later on, when the busy time was over, I again relapsed into my favorite reading whenever I found the opportunity. One afternoon I was immersed in accompanying the Cossack chieftain on one of his famous raids into Turkey; as I was gloating over the numberless paynim heads being struck off like so many cabbages, the door opened and a customer came into the store. It was a well-attired woman with a child that cooed and gurgled with delight, as if to show its approval of the world and all things in general. She smiled at me and asked to see my mother. When the latter came downstairs in response to my call, the woman hastened over to her and cried: 'Don't you remember me, Maria Yakovlevna? I am Sofronia, who was here several months ago.'

"'*Bozhe moi*, how stout you have become! And Yeffimushka, your baby, how is he?'

"'Why, this is he! This is the little rogue you paid three kopeks for!' she exclaimed, as she held out the lustily kicking infant. Then she clasped him tightly to her breast and started passionately kissing my mother's hands. 'Akh, little mother, you cannot realize how thankful I am to you. My good fortune began the very day I saw you. Even as I left the church I met a lady, the wife of a landowner, who was looking for a housemaid. When I told her my story, she hired me at once, and I have been working for her ever since. I am paid five rubles a month, and am clothed well and fed well—I and my Yeffimushka. The little dove has not had a sick day for ever so long now; and it is all due to you, my benefactress!'

"My mother had some difficulty in disengaging herself from the woman's caresses. And when she finally left, singing pæans of praise, she told her story to every one who would listen, pointing to her child as a corroboration or proof of my parent's miraculous powers. For some time after that our store was besieged with mothers begging my mother to 'buy' their sick children, even offering money as an inducement to bring about such a salutary 'sale.' Of course the good woman vigorously denied possessing any wonder-working powers, but they insisted that she undoubtedly had them, citing Yeffimushka as direct evidence and other instances which their fertile imaginations supplied. Some who became angry at my mother's denials had to be placated with 'purchases,' but the majority went away only half convinced by her arguments. But such is our Russian faith, or credulity; what will you do?

"Another incident was that of a peasant living in one of the near-by villages who sometimes traded at our store. This man came in one day weeping bitterly. Upon being asked what was the cause of his sorrow, he said: '*Akh, Bozhe moi!* Maria Yakovlevna, what shall I do? Yesterday I came into town to sell a horse, a roan with a white front foot, when a man came up to me and said he wanted to buy one. So we went into an inn to have a glass or two and talk the proposition over; the horse I tied to the hitching-post in front of the place. Evidently the accursed one must have gotten me drunk (who is there without failings?), for when I sobered up both my horse and the would-be purchaser were gone; may the wolves devour him!—the thief I mean.'

"'You should keep a clear head about you when you want to strike a bargain, and not drown whatever reason you have in vodka, as is done so often,' my mother advised him. 'However, the harm is done now and there is no remedy. But never fear, neighbor, if you came by that horse honestly, you will get him back again.'

"The man went away comforted. A

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few days afterwards he came rushing in, all red and perspiring with excitement, and shouted: 'I've got my horse back again! Just like you told me I would!' It seems that while riding homeward on a fellow-villager's cart they had overtaken a suspicious-looking fellow riding the stolen horse. The owner recognized him at once, and, jumping off the cart, the two peasants seized the thief and, after having first administered a sound drubbing, turned him over to the police.

"This mere coincidence was of course interpreted in the peasant's naïve mind as a direct foretelling of the event on my mother's part. He declared that she had wonderful powers of divination, and no denial made the slightest impression on him. 'Didn't she say I would get my horse back?' That was the unshakable rock upon which his convictions were grounded. After profuse expressions of thanksgiving he at last took his departure, spreading his tale as he went. Especially eloquent would he become after having imbibed a few glasses at the inn; then would come elaborations and minute details, which kept a circle of frequenters listening with open-mouthed amazement.

"As a result we had to undergo another siege; this time by persons who had lost articles of value and others who wanted the past and future unrolled. It naturally devolved upon me to head them off and make explanations; after a while they would finally go away, still shaking their heads: 'Oi, she knows it very well, but she won't tell us. As if we were not willing to pay!' In reference to this incident my mother would often say to me, with a humorous twinkle in her gray eyes: 'What do you think, Mitya, let us dispose of our stock and go into the fortune-telling business. We might open a gypsy tent, and you could stand outside and pound a tambourine to attract people's attention.' *Okh, Dusha moia!* How happy I was in those days!"

A MODERN MERMAN WHO PAINTS THE WORLD UNDER THE SEA

BY ROBERT H. MOULTON

WE have become familiar with the submarine movie operator who shows us animated pictures of the denizens of the deep in their native haunts. Now comes the artist who, going down into the water, returns with marvelously colored paintings of the same things. And whereas the former worked comfortably in a steel tube with a glass window, the latter descends in a light bathing suit and armed only with his palette and brush. The fact that he cannot complete his pictures at one "sitting" does not detract from the merits of the performance; the wonder is that he is able to do it at all.

It all began years ago when a group of English boys, one of whom was Zarh H. Pritchard, were swimming and diving in the ocean, and, after the manner of young boys, became inexpressibly bored with their swimming and decided to vary the game. Young Pritchard, who was of Irish blood, proposed hooking weights to the waist-line, sinking to the bottom, and then seeing who could remain longest under the water, thus winning in a new form of tag. The rest were delighted, and the new play began.

Then the young Irish lad, on opening his eyes under water, was astounded with what he saw. Another world lay before him, peopled with strange creatures, and having trees, flowers, and even castles. Wherever he looked he saw what at first seemed unreal vistas, impossible landscapes, and pages of illustrations from his fairy books transplanted under water. And from that moment the ocean became a second earth to the boy.

His visits became more frequent. Finally he had made for himself a pair of water-tight goggles, similar to those worn by the famous pearl divers of Tahiti. With these the young man studied the landscape about him with a clear vision. His imagination had been fired by Jules Verne's "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea," but he speedily discovered that it was impossible to shoot birds from the sea bottom, as Verne asserted, as the sky is rarely glimpsed by the diver, and then only by looking directly upward, for at an angle the surface becomes a gigantic silver mirror, reflecting the silent cities of coral and the lone, grotesque figure of the diver.

MR. PRITCHARD IN HIS PAINTING COSTUME

Mr. Pritchard became a decorator in England, and a very successful one. He had preserved a few sketches made from memory of the scenes under the water, and showed them to some critics. But the limitless world he had glimpsed when a boy became less real, for when his fellow-artists ridiculed his work he became discouraged. The idea of any one painting the sea bottom appeared to staid, stolid old England as something not only silly and grotesque, but even presumptuous. Decorating, being something governed by rule and book, was more acceptable, and hence success came. But in his heyday he was stricken with pneumonia and left greatly weakened.

His doctors ordered him to Egypt, but he refused to go, on the ground that he was not ready to paint Egypt, and therefore not ready to see it. Instead he decided to go to California.

Reaching California at last, in Santa Barbara he met a couple of American artists, who quickly realized the possibilities in the sketches England had laughed at. They encouraged him to continue in the work, but this Mr. Pritchard was reluctant to do, considering that he had learned his lesson. But his friends lured him into the glass-bottomed boats and showed him the beauties of the warm coast. They told him tales and legends of coral castles, of treasure ships, tales

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From a painting by Zarh H. Pritchard

A SUBMARINE GROVE

that were wisely chosen to fire his imagination and incite his curiosity. Then, on being told that off the island of Tahiti he would find the most beautiful submarine scenes in all the world, he went there and began his paintings.

His process at first was comparatively crude. He would go out in his boat with his helpers, find his country with a glass-bottomed box, and descend by means of weights hooked to his waist. Then he would take mental notes of the rock of coral formations, ascend, and paint them. But he was not satisfied. He wanted to discover a way of making his sketches under water—making them so that he could take people down with him and let them see him do it, if necessary.

After seemingly endless experimenting, he discovered a way of making waterproof paper by first soaking extra-heavy drawing paper in cocoanut oil and draining off the surplus. This, after it dried, made a good working surface. He then fastened the paper to a piece of plate glass by means of surgeon's tape, in order that the water might not ooze under the paper and warp it. Finally, he found that the best color mediums were Raffawli crayons, semi-solid oil paints, especially adapted to submarine paintings.

Thus he works, clad only in his light bathing suit and wearing his pearl diver's goggles, which are bits of cow horn cut and shaped to fit the

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eyes. The goggles permit a small space of air between the water and the eyes, thereby enabling one to see perfectly under water.

For sinking himself and his apparatus, Mr. Pritchard uses a large piece of coral attached to his belt by means of a hook. Having found, by means of the glass-bottomed boat, the place he desires to sketch, he puts on his diving glasses, fastens himself to the lump of coral, and, after taking a good breath, lowers himself over the side of his boat. Reaching the bottom, he settles himself upon the lump of coral, which he uses as a seat, and then hastily sketches the scene he has chosen, being able to remain under water from thirty to forty-five seconds, according to the depth and pressure of the water.

When ready to ascend, he unfastens the lump of coral and floats to the surface. The coral is then drawn up by means of a rope for another descent. After having made several descents in this manner, he completes a sketch and takes sufficient color notes to enable him to finish his picture in his studio at his leisure.

While some of Mr. Pritchard's best work was done at Tahiti, he has found excellent subjects off Santa Barbara. One of the most interesting of these is a picture showing a school of fish the large fins of which cause them to resemble butterflies. This painting was made in a submarine "grove."

According to Mr. Pritchard, those who have been fascinated by views of the ocean's bed by rowing about in a glass-bottomed boat at Catalina have only a remote idea of the beauty and grandeur of the under-water world. Beneath the water is a world completely different from that of the air. It is a territory of quivering light and shade, of a profusion of strange colors, of plants of extreme delicacy and beauty, of sea creatures gorgeous and mysterious to the eyes. The coloring is all in the lowest keys, merging from deep indigo and purple into the lighter and delicate tints of pale greens, grays, and yellows. Rocks and cliffs in the dim light assume an appearance of inconceivable size.

Many times, the artist says, he has been surprised by what seemed to be rivers flowing between the coral buttes, and he would listen for the sound of waters, which he felt sure could be heard. But as he approached these rivers he found that they were only clean sand washed down by the action of the tides. In some instances, where the sand has been washed near the top of a pinnacle with the diffused sunlight upon it, the effect is that of a wonderful waterfall. But the most beautiful and bewildering sight of all, he asserts, is a school of fish darting by in a maze of reflected light, making the water quiver and scintillate and thrilling the silent watcher.

From sharks, octopi, and swordfish there is of course danger. But Mr. Pritchard takes care never to descend in a spot where there is a notable absence of small fish, for that is a sure sign of danger.

LA DUSE VISITS AMERICA AGAIN

BY MONTROSE J. MOSES

ELEONORA DUSE, "a chalice for the wine of imagination," so wrote Arthur Symons many years ago. Since which time the great Italian actress retired from the stage, wearied of her art and its subterfuges. Then she returned a few months since, graven deeper in age, profounder in ideas, with a brooding sense of eternal sadness, only to find her triumphal hold unabated in the great towns of her Italy and in London. Now she is in America, after an absence of a quarter of a century or more.

It is not a question of whether we shall find that time has somewhat abated the forcefulness of her genius (she is sixty-four); a falling off of mere physical power has never meant anything to La Duse, for with her the mortal has always meant immortality. It is not that her contour may indicate decline, her features show the traceries of age, her hair be turned white. For there has never been anything of the theatrical about her; she has never hid the imprint of the years. She scorned make-up, where Sarah Bernhardt, her contemporary and rival, made it a fine and applied art. It means that her presence now is as warming, as impregnated with the spiritual, as it ever was; that there is still about her the inevitableness of all creativeness, which in tradition will place her for all time, however evanescent the actor's art and though there be but a written impression of her.

She comes of a theatrical family;

White Studio

ELEONORA DUSE

Mme. Duse is to appear, during her farewell American tour, in New York City, Philadelphia, Boston, and probably Chicago and other cities

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she was born on tour, so to speak; but in her temperament there was also born something not theatrical, and so she broke from the traditional manner of the theater, where Bernhardt glorified it; there worked something from within her that made of her realism, which she championed on the Italian stage, a spiritual experience, embodied forth in reticence of voice and gesture. From her there exuded a quality which raised such crude realism as one finds in Sudermann's "Heimat," Dumas's "Camille," and Pinero's "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" out of physical rebellion into the realm of a profounder humanity. In other words, when she gave these plays she made them newer creations, deeper than their authors conceived.

Through her Gabriele d'Annunzio was at his best as a dramatist; for her he wrote "La Giaconda," "The Dead City," and "The Daughter of Jorio." The music of her voice found fullness in the music of her Italian. Even such brutal passion as d'Annunzio put into "Francesca da Rimini" was toned down by her into a poetic beauty which gave suggestion of Dante's reticently recorded story of great love in the "Inferno."

One who has followed her quiet reticence can readily understand what La Duse meant when, in years gone by, she exclaimed: "To save the theater, the theater must be destroyed, the actors and actresses must all die of the plague. They poison the air, they make art impossible." It was partly this attitude which made her retire for a time. It was not the artist tired of her medium; it was the artist deploring the superficial use of it which she saw on all sides. In the theater we are too prone to remember catch phrases without grasping their full import. When Gordon Craig declared that all actors should wear a mask, he was influenced by the full memory of Sir Henry Irving's face—his mask of Dante, Robespierre, Louis XI. All actors should wear a mask, but not all actors have the something within them to make us forget the actor behind. So with Duse, the theater must be destroyed a thousand times that it may live, the actor must die a thousand deaths that his art may be everlasting.

Only recently we saw a melodramatic "shocker" from the Grand Guignol of Paris, and the night after Sophocles's "Œdipus Rex;" between the two, as far as the story went, there was not much difference. But the Greek play had a simple majesty about it which converted the story of incest into a spiritual experience. All great art has that something which transcends the bare outline of the thing shown; that is the least part of it. But the thing shown must excite to a realization of the presence of unseen forces around it—those unseen forces which Maeterlinck once believed the theater should alone deal with. Yet art has to make compromises with life, and so it is necessary that technique should so bring these unseen forces to light as to give one a semblance of life.

It has been a glory that the theater should have had for its expression such a medium as Duse; that she should have been endowed with the face of a Madonna and with the suggestion of an agonized pressure of soul within. There is a beauty which transcends external beauty, there is a gesture which, with no theatric amplitude, suggests completeness. When Duse plays it is as though her own tears trembled in her voice, her own soul exuded from the beautiful sensitiveness of her hands—those hands that inspired "Giaconda." It is not sentimentality that she thus displays—the saturation of a rôle with her emotion for it. It is something profounder; the externalizing of an idea which breathes life into the bare character she has to create, and makes it memorable.

In fact, age has nothing to do with Duse's art. It is true that she has selected a repertory not over-exacting on her physical strength—Ibsen's "The Lady from the Sea" and "Ghosts" require a quiet action whose greatest tumult is spiritual. But it is in such natural outlets as these plays demand that Duse is supreme. There is a finality of beauty in her gesture, an inevitableness in the music of her voice. Even at moments when her body is quiescent there is an eloquence in the lines which is the eloquence of some unforgetable pattern in marble. Everything she does is effortless, a personal expression of some personal experience, and so one feels her far removed at times, which may not be a theatrical excellence but which is nevertheless supreme art. When Duse speaks, the whole play is bound in her; in her the whole realm of the plot exists, which may not be so good for the dramatist, but which is the measure of Duse's power. Whenever she comes upon the stage nothing else seems to matter; it is her eternal womanhood, her unspeakable tragedy—*toujours Duse*—that counts. And she dominates even in a theater so large and barren that one often loses expression and has to enjoy merely the pattern of her being, the music of her voice, the motion of hands and body and head, that are in themselves art.

And so, Duse, coming to America at this time, should be an inspiration to our theater, which is in a transition stage, slowly but surely escaping the claptrap of showdom into something worthy. Here is an opportunity afforded the young actor, in a limited number of performances, to see an art which will in the future be spoken of in the category of Kean, Rachel, and the elder Salvini. Duse is the one and only existing artist of the theater with international greatness on the acting side; not the greatness heralded by the beating of drums and by flaring headlines in the press, but the same pervasive greatness which makes us recognize the immortal canvas, building, or symphony. Such art as hers is related to all art. And when an artist makes one realize this, she has touched the heights of greatness.

In an early issue

STANLEY FROST

will begin a series of articles

on the

Ku Klux Klan

Is the Klan's power increasing?

Are its outrages decreasing?

What conditions have given it being?

Hyphenism?

The influence of the alien?

General discontent?

Lawbreaking?

Is it a new thing in America, or simply a new outbreak of something that America has known before?

Is it patriotic?

Are its methods and propaganda more dangerous than the evils it assumes to cure?

The purpose of these articles is not to answer such questions; but to give facts on which a judgment can be based.

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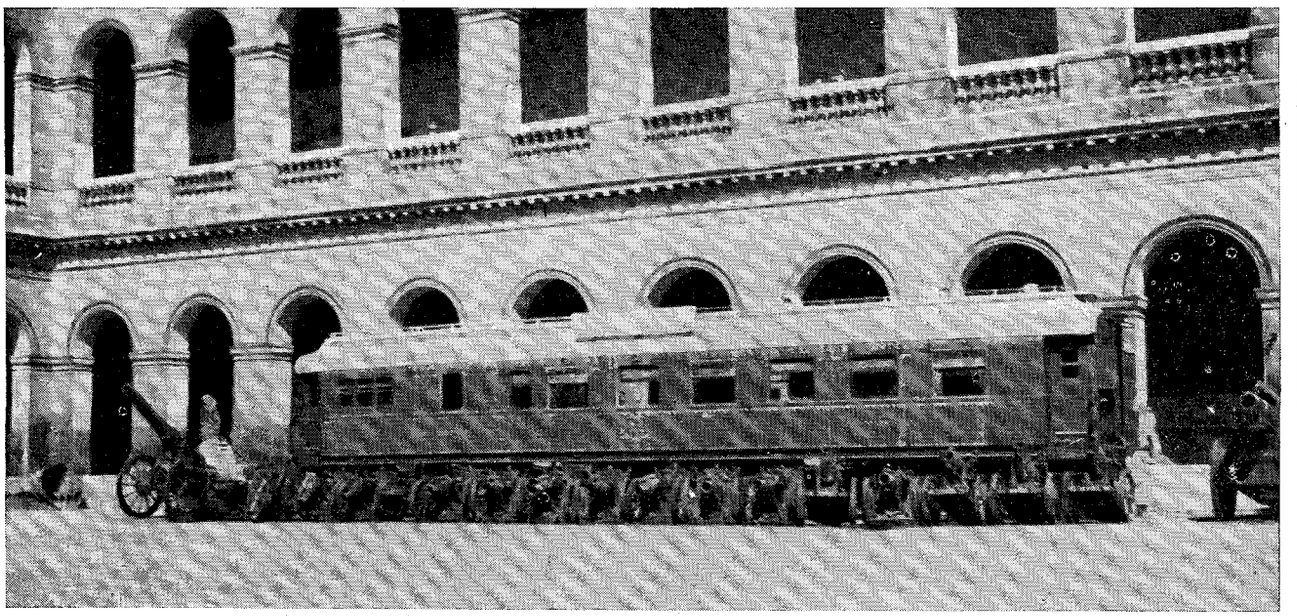
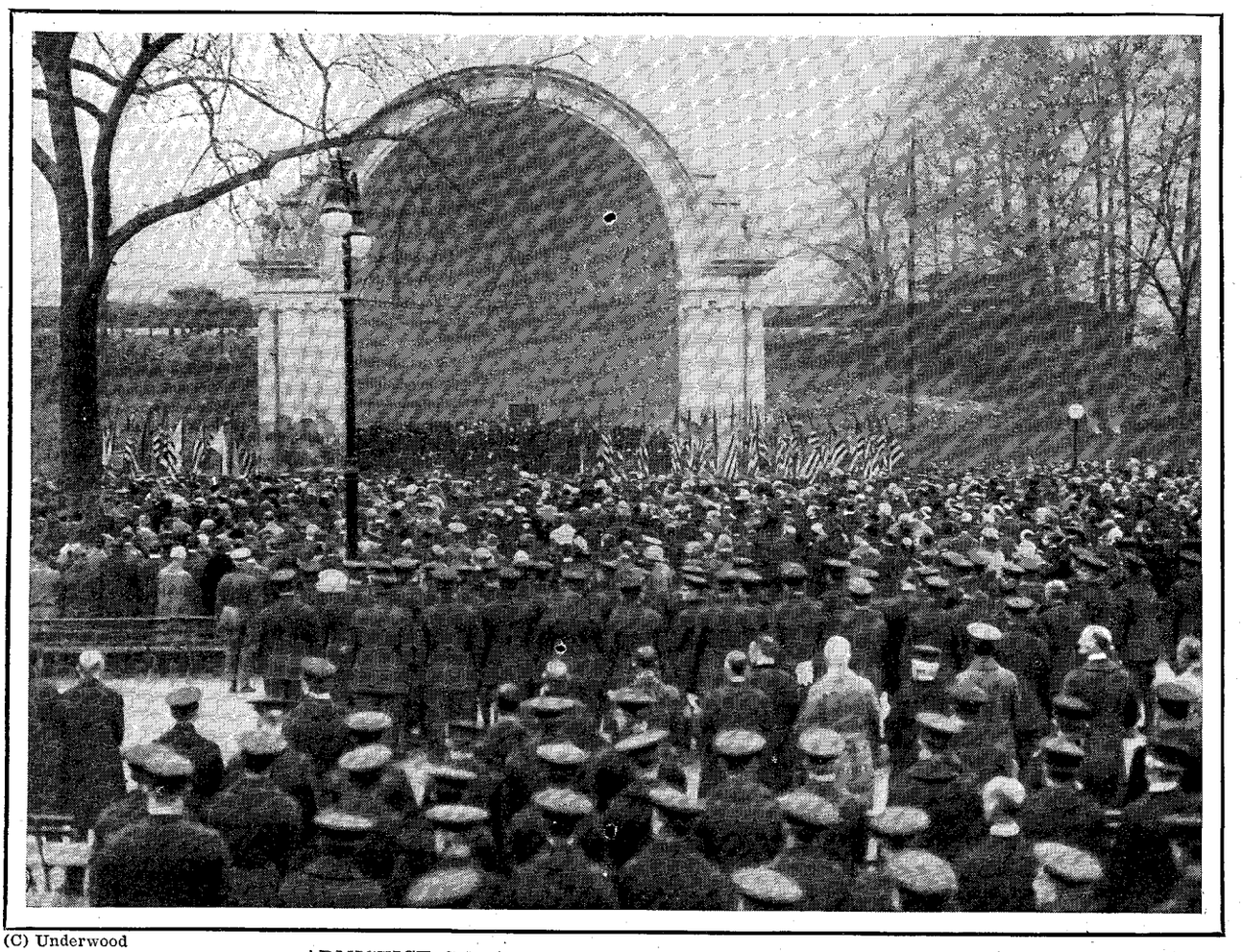
THE SCENE AND THE CELEBRATION



Photograph by Mrs. James McMullan, of Philadelphia

The car in which the Armistice was signed was a dining-car. It is now on exhibition in the large court of the Hôtel des Invalides in Paris. This institution, it will be remembered, is the famous asylum for incapacitated veterans of the French army; it contains the tomb of Napoleon. The guns near the car are trophies of the Great War



(C) Underwood

ARMISTICE DAY CELEBRATION IN NEW YORK CITY

This celebration was in Central Park, where thousands gathered to hear noted speakers' reminiscences, lessons, and warnings suggested by America's participation in the World War

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JOHN MARTIN'S "SAFETY SIXTY"

THIS is the list of books described in the article on the opposite page, "Right Reading for Children." The letters and numbers before the title of each book in this list constitute a statement of its specific influence upon the child and refer to the list in the article. For example, we know that Hawthorne's "Wonder Book" and "Tanglewood Tales," in the judgment of John Martin, develop a cultural mental background, wholesome imagination and sympathy, and instinctive good taste. By means of this list there are printed here, in fact, sixty separate analyses of such standard books as are most desirable for reading by and to children.

Author		*Title*
1. Æsop	A 1, 5; B 2; C 1	Fables
2. Alcott	A 5; B 4; C 4	Little Women
3. Andersen	A 5; C 1, 2	Fairy Tales
4. Barrie	A 5; C 1, 2, 3, 5	Peter and Wendy
5. Bennett	A 1, 3, 5; B 4	Master Skylark
6. Blackmore	A 1, 2, 3, 5; B 2, 3, 4	Lorna Doone.
7. Brown	A 1, 2, 5; B 4; C 1	Book of Saints and Friendly Beasts
8. Bunyan	A 1, 2, 3, 5; B 2, 4; C 1, 2	Pilgrim's Progress
9. Carroll	A 5; C 1, 2, 5	Alice in Wonderland
10. Carroll	A 5; C 1, 2, 5	Through the Looking-Glass
11. Church	A 5; B 1, 2; C 1, 2	Iliad
12. Church	A 5; B 1, 2; C 1, 2	Odyssey
13. Collodi	A 1, 5; B 2, 4; C 1, 2	Pinocchio
14. Cooper	A 5; B 2, 4; C 4	Last of the Mohicans
15. Dana	A 1, 3, 5; B 2, 5; C 2, 4	Two Years Before the Mast
16. Defoe	A 1, 2, 5; B 2; C 1, 4	Robinson Crusoe
17. Dickens	A 5; B 4; C 2, 5	David Copperfield
18. Dickens	A 5; B 4; C 1, 2	Cricket on the Hearth
19. Dodge	A 1, 2, 5; B 4; C 2, 4	Hans Brinker
20. Doyle	A 1, 3, 4; B 1, 2, 4, 5	The White Company
21. Fabre	A 2, 5; B 2, 4; C 1, 2	Story Book of Science
22. Field	A 5; B 2, 4; C 1, 2, 5	Poems of Childhood
23. Harris	A 5; B 3, 4; C 1, 2, 5	Uncle Remus and His Sayings
24. Hale	A 1, 2, 3, 5; B 2, 4, 5; C 1	Man Without a Country
25. Hawthorne	A 5; C 1, 3	Wonder Book and Tanglewood Tales
26. Hughes	A 2, 3, 5; B 1, 2, 4; C 4	Tom Brown's School Days
27. Ingelow	A 5; C 1, 2	Mopsa the Fairy
28. Kipling	A 1, 5; B 1, 2, 4; C 4, 5	Captains Courageous
29. Kipling	A 5; B 2, 4; C 1, 2, 4, 5	Jungle Book (First)
30. Kipling	A 5; B 2, 4; C 1, 2, 4, 5	Jungle Book (Second)
31. Kipling	A 5; B 3, 4; C 1, 2, 3, 5	Just So Stories
32. Kipling	A 1, 2, 5; B 1, 3, 4; C 1, 3, 4	Kim
33. Kingsley	A 5; B 4; C 1, 2	Water Babies
34. Kingsley	A 3, 5; B 1, 2, 4, 5; C 4	Westward Ho!
35. Lamb	A 5; B 2, 4; C 1, 2, 5	Tales from Shakespeare
36. Lanier	A 1, 3, 4, 5; B 1, 2, 5; C 2	Knightly Legends of Wales
37. Lear	A 5; B 2; C 1, 2, 3, 5	Complete Nonsense Book
38. Lytton	A 1, 5; B 1, 4; C 2, 4	Last Days of Pompeii
39. Lagerlöf	A 2; B 2, 3, 4; C 1, 3, 4	Adventure of Nils
40. Palgrave	A 1, 2, 3, 5; B 2, 3; C 1, 2, 3	Golden Treasury
41. Porter	A 1, 2, 3, 4, 5; B 1, 2, 5; C 1	Scottish Chiefs
42. Pyle	A 3, 4, 5; B 4; C 1, 2, 5	Merry Adventures of Robin Hood
43. Pyle	A 1, 3, 4, 5; B 1, 2, 5; C 1, 2, 4	King Arthur
44. Pyle	A 1, 3, 4, 5; B 1, 2, 5; C 1, 2, 4	Men of Iron
45. Ruskin	A 1, 3, 5; B 4; C 1	King of the Golden River
46. Scott	A 1, 2, 3, 4, 5; B 1, 2, 5; C 2, 4	Ivanhoe
47. Scott	A 1, 2, 3, 4, 5; B 1, 2, 5; C 2, 4	Quentin Durward
48. Seton	A 2; B 3, 4; C 1, 2	Wild Animals I Have Known.
49. Sewell	B 2, 3, 4; C 1, 2	Black Beauty.
50. Stevenson	A 5; B 2, 3, 4; C 2, 3	Treasure Island
51. Stevenson	A 1, 3, 5; B 2, 4; C 2, 3	Black Arrow
52. Stevenson	A 5; B 2; C 1, 2, 3	Child's Garden of Verses
53. Swift	A 5; B 2, 4; C 1, 2, 4	Gulliver's Travels
54. Twain	A 5; B 3, 4; C 2, 5	Tom Sawyer
55. Twain	A 5; B 3, 4; C 2, 5	Huckleberry Finn
56. Twain	A 3, 5; B 2, 4; C 2	Prince and the Pauper
57. Thackeray	A 5; C 1, 2, 5	Rose and the Ring
58. Wiggin & Smith	A 5; C 1, 2	Arabian Nights
59. Wyss	A 1, 2, 3, 5; B 2, 4; C 4	Swiss Family Robinson
60. Verne	A 5; B 2; C 1	Mysterious Island

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THE BOOK TABLE

RIGHT READING FOR CHILDREN[1]

BY JOHN MARTIN

AN impression received into the mind through the organs of sight or sound, as in the case of reading or being read to, is indelible. During the first seven years of a child's life he is learning and living more things in actual number than he learns through all the rest of his life. The right or the wrong reading leaves its indelible impress upon the child, especially during the early years of his life—we will say from four to ten.

I believe that parents should read more to their children during early life, and especially should this reading be at bedtime, when the subjective in the child is most naturally impressed; but let us beware what impressions we leave at this time of soul-building. The most insidious and dangerous books imposed upon childhood nowadays are those that go by way of the parent or teacher whose wits are muddled by intellectual blurbings of literary reviews or the pent-up emotions of the childless.

The safe rule to go by is a rule of thumbs: "Know that it is right, then go ahead," to which may be added, "And if you don't know, learn to know."

THE author is the editor of "John Martin's Book—the Child's Magazine," and is one of the foremost authorities in the country on the subject of children's reading.

WHAT A BOOK SHOULD BE

A book should be, primarily, a source of happiness and inspiration, be it sad or amusing, fanciful or simply homespun, serious or instructive.

A book should be a thing of joy which, because of the beauty of its style, the inherent interest of the subject-matter, or its ability to transport the child into the land of make-believe, quickens the imagination and stimulates the desire for imitation. Book friends and book heroes are as real to the children as those of flesh and blood. We must therefore people the child's mental realm with those that are wholly worthy of love, loyalty, and emulation.

A book should be accurate and true (if it is a subject dealing with facts), high-minded, reverent, fearless, and clean.

A book should be well illustrated. The illustrations, moreover, should be simple and beautiful, well drawn, and should conform to recognized standards of exquisite or vigorous art. The book should be well printed on good paper, with strong, attractive binding.

[1] Notes taken from an address given at The Recreational Congress, Springfield, Illinois, October 11, 1923.

WHAT IT SHOULD NOT BE

A book should not be tawdry or ephemeral, flippant, irreverent, cruel, deceptive, vulgar, or wickedly mischievous.

A book should not be illustrated in confusing, ultra-modern, or decadent style. Pictures should especially be free from suggestions of fear, violence, or vulgarity.

A book should not be selected without endeavoring to choose among the different editions the maximum of quality, not only in the character of the book but in the general make-up, at the minimum of price.

The mental vocabulary of a child is a vocabulary of sense, emotion, and imaginative experience. Do we impose upon his vocabulary that of the vulgar, slipshod, and carelessly selected book influence?

The wrong books impress the following negative qualities of the child's mind:

NEGATIVE

Common tastes, lack of reverence, unrefined comprehensions, dishonest standards, disorderly mental operations, over-stimulation, lack of continuity, uninformed and unstabilized ideals.

In contrast, the right books impress the following finer qualities of spirit, mind, and character expression:

CONSTRUCTIVE—POSITIVE

A (1) Moral tone and standards.
(2) Reverence.
(3) High sense of honor.
(4) Chivalry.
(5) Cultural mental background.

B (1) Higher and finer ambitions.
(2) Mental stability.
(3) Broad basic judgments.
(4) Fine standards of human and life relationships.
(5) Normal patriotism.

C (1) Wholesome imagination and sympathies.
(2) Refined appreciations.
(3) Instinctive good taste.
(4) Intelligent patience.
(5) Clean sense of humor.

We should avoid the endless groups of series books, which may and should be called "narcotic" reading. In themselves they are not all bad in tone or intentionally so in effect, but the child's books should be as different in character as the individuals in life whom he meets, and we should be as careful in guiding our children to the selection of the right book friends as we are in their selection of playmates and daily comrades.

For the purpose of crystallizing my meaning the following books are given in relation to concrete results of character, tastes, and standards.

SAFE BOOKS

As a guide to an absolutely safe selection of good books that are formative of the character and ideals of our children, I am listing what I call "The Safety Sixty." Of course we all know that there are more than sixty right book friends, but let us start rightly with the titles in the adjoining list.[2] After the titles of books selected I have corresponding letters and numerals, with the purpose of relating concrete influences to specific books.

[2] See opposite page.

THE NEW BOOKS

FICTION

AMATEUR INN (THE). By Albert Payson Terhune. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $2.

An odd and ingenious puzzle story; the complications of the lively plot grow out of a condition attached to the ownership of the inn, that ten rooms should always be kept open for paying guests. When this becomes known, a spiteful mischief-maker sees to it that the owner is sorely tried in patience and trouble.

ANTHONY DARE. By Archibald Marshall. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $2.

A slow-moving, uneventful narrative, not possessed of the humor and ease of description that mark Mr. Marshall's earlier books. Anthony's life from schoolboy days on is traced minutely and with sound character drawing, but the reader is neither strongly moved nor richly entertained.

BARBRY. By Henry M. Rideout. Duffield & Co., New York. $2.

Mr. Rideout never falls into beaten roads in his story-telling. This tale is quite different from his romances of the East which sometimes make us think that the author is literary kin to Mr. Kipling. Here he shows us the life in New England mountain country of a young girl sold by her drunken father to become a "bound girl" to a rugged farmer and his severe, narrow,

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cross-tempered, and jealous wife. How this girl develops and how she becomes a close friend of fine old Captain Barzillai are interesting phases of the story. Some of the rest of the book is not as clearly put as it should be and there is a thread of mysticism which does not seem to get anywhere.

CINDER BUGGY (THE). By Garet Garrett. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2.

This is the romance of the vast development of the science of iron and steel making in America, and the vast industrial and financial expansion that accompanied and followed it. In a strange way this apparently prosaic subject is infused with romance, drama, and tragedy. A grim tale of hatred, perversity, and of course love, is entwined with the industrial *motif*.

DOCTOR NYE. By Joseph C. Lincoln. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $2.

Mr. Lincoln has written at least eighteen stories about Cape Cod people. "Doctor Nye" is one of the best, and will compare well with "Cap'n Eri," "Mary 'Gusta," and "The Portygee" for racy talk of Cape Codders and for never-failing humor in characterization—so engaging and amusing that one cares little about the primitive plot-building. Professor W. L. Phelps well says: "I regard Mr. Lincoln as a public blessing; his novels give happiness, entertainment, and instruction to thousands. When you are in doubt what road to take next, choose the Lincoln highway, which runs from Cape Cod to the land of laughter."

GRAVEN IMAGE. By Margaret Widdemer. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York. $2.

The author's best novel, better even than "The Boardwalk." There is a literal graven image, about which the plot centers, and a moral graven image, that of a family's self-righteousness and self-sufficiency, before which its members complacently worship to their own undoing. The theme is worked out with power, and the individual characterization is capital.

RIPPLING RUBY. By J. S. Fletcher. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $2.

The title is less startling when we learn that the name is that of a racing mare and not of the heroine. The crime mystery is handled with all the usual skill and easy narrative of the author of "The Copper Box" and other famous detective yarns, but the ending is too explosive and has too much of a madhouse tinge.

HISTORY AND POLITICAL ECONOMY

ENGLISHWOMAN IN ANGORA (AN). By Grace Ellison. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $6.

This book comes out at an opportune moment—when the star of Kemal Pasha is at its brightest. The author's accounts of her interviews with the new President of the Republic of Turkey are decidedly interesting. Her point of view, however, is too much that of an apologist for the Turks to make the book palatable for readers with good memories as to Turkish misdeeds. The elaborate details of the author's personal experiences will prove interesting to less critical readers.

MYSELF AND A FEW MOROS. By Lt. Col. Sydney A. Cloman. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. $3.

This is one of the most entertaining books that American occupation of the Philippine Islands has produced. Colonel Cloman's dealings with the natives brought him into many a tight place, but his unfailing humor, tact, and resourcefulness enabled him to come off triumphantly, to the advantage of both his charges and himself. The American reader, too, will benefit by these experiences, for they are preserved in this book in a personal narrative that is charged—shall we say occasionally surcharged?—with spontaneous humor and irrepressible vivacity.

BIOGRAPHY

MEMORIES OF AN ACTIVE LIFE. By Charles R. Flint. Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $5.

Mr. Flint shows in this volume that an active man of affairs can tell about those affairs in a terse, vigorous, and interesting way. He has made one of the most readable of recent books of biography. There are dozens of quotable anecdotes in it about famous men with whom the author has been on intimate terms. Its accounts of dealings with great financiers are told with easy informality and engaging frankness.

POETRY

LIFE AND DEATH OF MRS. TIDMUSS (THE). By Wilfred Blair. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $1.

This is not a "novel in verse," as the jacket asserts, but a life-chronicle—with comment. The purpose of the author is to reveal something of the pitifulness inherent in the lives of the lowly and oppressed, as they are drawn through implacable routine from childhood to old age. The device used for the purpose of this revelation is the imagined career of Selina, later Mrs. Tidmuss. This is essentially an undertaking involving the feelings, and the aim is to present the fate of Mrs. Tidmuss, not as grandly tragic, but as miserably drab. It is out of this that the sense of pity—and of resentment—is expected to issue. This sense is present with the reader, intermittently, in the course of the sixty-seven pages of verses well made, for the most part. But the feeling—as well as the sense of reality—is interfered with by the author's practice of stepping outside his narrative for the purpose of philosophic comment and insistence upon the pitifulness of the tale. Although the verse is marred on occasion by incongruous archaisms and verbal infelicities, on the whole it is competent workmanship.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

MY NOTEBOOK AT HOME AND ABROAD. By Harry de Windt. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $5.

Here is a book of lively gossip such as a much-traveled man of the world would be likely to hear from and tell to his confrères "over the teacups" or the glasses. Many of the stories are well worth printing; others with propriety might have been left unreported. Some of them have a suggestion of night life that is scarcely wholesome, but none of them are dull.

IN QUEST OF EL DORADO. By Stephen Graham D. Appleton & Co., New York. $2.

Even the hardened reviewer will find it difficult to avoid enthusiasm in characterizing this fine book of travels. It is the work of a keen observer and a practiced writer who knows what to see and how to describe his experiences so as to give his readers real pictures of travel. The book has no illustrations and needs none to supplement the author's pen. Mr. Graham's adventures took him from Spain to the West Indies, to the United States and on to Mexico. He followed Cortez, explored with Coronado, and, like Balboa, climbed a peak in Darien, and tells of all with illuminating grace of style and intuitive appreciation of the people and places he saw.

OUT TRAIL (THE). By Mary Roberts Rinehart Illustrated. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $2.50.

As is well known, Mrs. Rinehart has a great love of what for most women would be rough life in the Western mountains. In this book she relates incidents of camp and trail life with her usual vivacity, and includes many experiences, some of which are simply amusing while others are not without the thrill of adventure. The book has been made agreeable to the eye by the publishers through its large type, wide margins, and abundant pictures.

WANDERING IN NORTHERN CHINA. By Harry A. Franck. Illustrated. The Century Company, New York. $5.

A new book by Franck has come to be an event for the travel-loving reader. This one on China will maintain the author's reputation as a first-rate writer of travel books. His thoroughness, judicial quality, clearness of style, and eye for the picturesque are evidenced on every page. If added to these qualities there were an element of humor, and that undefinable quality that makes a reader follow the personal fortunes of his author with absorbed interest—such as holds us to George Borrow in his "Bible in Spain"—Franck's would be perfect books of their kind.

PIONEER WEST (THE). Edited by Joseph Lewis French. Illustrated. Little, Brown & Co, Boston. $2.50.

Classic stories of the development of the Great West are brought to-

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gether in this volume—Bret Harte's "Luck of Roaring Camp," Mark Twain's account of the desperado Slade, Wister's "Specimen Jones," Theodore Roosevelt's "Old Ephraim," and many another thrilling reminiscence of the days of the Pioneer West; some of these accounts are sober narratives, some are cast in the form of fiction. Older readers will enjoy rereading these chapters of a history that ought never to be forgotten, while the younger set will find them of novel and absorbing interest. The type is good and there are attractive illustrations.

MISCELLANEOUS

COACHING ERA (THE). By Violet A. Wilson. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $5.

If anything could make us wish to go back to the "good old times," it would be such a book as this. The descriptions and the pictures of the old coaching days have a lure that is most compelling. The author has made a careful study of the literature of the subject, and presents it lucidly and entertainingly in all its phases.

LURE OF AMATEUR COLLECTING (THE). By George Blake Dexter. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $3.

In Mr. Dexter's collection of porcelains, enamels, gems, antiques, and autographs are many objects which have odd legends or romantic tales attached to their history. They range from pure myth to cold fact, and as here told are fascinating and curious. The author's happy finds and queer experiences may well make envious those who are just getting the collecting habit. Photographs of rare acquisitions add to the interest.

WINGED SEEDS. By Bertha Oppenheim. Illustrated. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.25.

In this pleasant record of family life is told the history of a long-planned project to establish a farm which should be both a home and a center of culture. The idea of this farm was conceived in a studio and carried out on the Vermont shore of Lake Champlain. The narrative deals with persons and temperaments as well as with agriculture—in fact, more the former than the latter. It makes good reading; it is helpful and cheerful in spirit; in incident and in pen pictures of life outdoors and life indoors it is an unusual expression of much that is fine.

BOOKS RECEIVED

FICTION

CHILDREN OF THE WAY. By Anne C. E. Allinson. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York.

DOCTOR AND PATIENCE. By Harold M. Hays. The Cornhill Publishing Company, Boston. $1.75.

FAMILY AT GILJE (THE). By Jonas Lie. Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City, N. Y. $2.

FEET OF CLAY. By Margareta Tuttle. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $2.

HENRY AND HIS TRAVELS. By A. C. Westergaard. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $2.

Crossroads of Conversation

Could the telephone directory in the hands of each subscriber be revised from hour to hour, there would be no need for the information operator. But even during its printing and binding, thousands of changes take place in the telephone community. New subscribers are added to the list. Old ones move their places of business or of residence.

Though their names are not listed on the directory, these subscribers must be connected by the highways of speech with all others in the community. To supplement the printed page, there must be guides at the crossroads of conversation.

Such are the information operators, selected for their task because of quickness and accuracy, courtesy and intelligence. At their desks, connected with the switchboards in central offices, they relieve the regular operators from answering thousands of questions about telephone numbers that would otherwise impede the rendering of service. If they are unnecessarily asked for numbers already in the directory, service is retarded.

"Information" stands for the most complete utilization of telephone facilities.

"BELL SYSTEM"
AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES
One Policy, One System, Universal Service, and all directed toward Better Service

MUSIC, PAINTING, AND OTHER ARTS

HOW TO PRODUCE PLAYS AND PAGEANTS. By Mary M. Russel. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $1.50.

BIOGRAPHY

JOURNAL OF MARIE LENERU. Translated by William Aspenwall Bradley. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.50.

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN. By Wayne C. Williams. The Fleming H. Revell Company, New York. $1.

HISTORY AND POLITICAL ECONOMY

AMERICAN LOOKS AT HIS WORLD (AN). By Glenn Frank. The University of Delaware Press, Newark, Delaware. $3.

CHINA, YESTERDAY AND TODAY. By E. T. Williams. The Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York. $4.

INDIA IN FERMENT. By Claude H. Van Tyne. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $2.

POETRY

FAMOUS SINGLE POEMS. By Burton E. Stevenson. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York. $1.75.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY

CHRIST OR MARS. By Will Irwin. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $1.50.

SCIENCE

MASTERS OF SCIENCE AND INVENTION. By Floyd L. Darrow. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York. $2.50.

STUDIES IN EVOLUTION AND EUGENICS. By S. J. Holmes. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York. $3.

MISCELLANEOUS

BOOK (A). By Djuna Barnes. Boni & Liveright, New York. $2.50.

FINDING ONESELF IN THE UNIVERSE. By Jean Berry. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $2.50.

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ST. NICHOLAS
The Magazine for Boys and Girls

Start your boy or girl right

MOST of you readers of Outlook had the helpful companionship of good old St. Nicholas Magazine when you were youngsters. Do you remember the days of eager waiting and the pangs of disappointment if it didn't come the day you expected it? Do you remember the joyful hours between its covers?—the friends you made there, the adventures with favorite heroes and heroines?

Certainly you will want your boy and girl to have the same pleasure, instruction and guidance in the things that are good and permanently helpful. St. Nicholas is the same splendid, happy magazine it was in the days you knew it. Yes, it is even better, for it has kept pace with the changing generations. It grows fresher and more attractive every year.

To-day it is filled with delightful serials and short stories by popular authors; instructive and interesting articles on science, sports and current events; the whole magazine is liberally illustrated with fascinating photographs and drawings. It is just the kind of a magazine that will hold your youngster's interest between the ages of 8 and 18.

Special Christmas Offer

We will send St. Nicholas to any address for one year, and any one of the books listed below, all for $5. This is a limited Christmas offer. Fill out the coupon and send it in now, so the book, the first number of St. Nicholas and the handsome gift card can arrive before Christmas Eve.

By the way—if you haven't a boy or girl of your own just at the St. Nicholas age—send this magazine for a year to some "special" boy or girl that you know and want to make happy at Christmas time.

Do it now. This is the ideal Christmas gift to your children or grandchildren.

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☐ The Complete Radio Book
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☐ Biography of a Silver Fox
☐ The Fortunes of the Indies
☐ The Crimson Sweater
☐ Curly of Circle Bar

(If magazine alone is wanted, enclose $4)

THE MAIL BAG

WATER USERS AND THE RECLAMATION SERVICE

A RECENT article in The Outlook in comment upon the reorganization of the United States Reclamation Service by Secretary Work suggests that more light may be needed by your readers.

Perhaps the view-point of actual water users may be of interest. Even this will not be found unanimous because conditions vary widely upon the twenty-six projects, and up to the present time they have all been classed together in regard to period of repayment; although construction costs vary from $25 to $100 per acre, and production from $18 to $90 per acre averages for different projects.

Failure to recognize, analyze, and differentiate between the various financial problems thus presented, both by Congress and by the officials of the Reclamation Service itself, is the chief cause of much confusion of mind and bitterness in all reclamation discussion. The resulting financial condition is chaotic, and Federal reclamation long since reached a critical stage.

Secretary Work has said that $135,000,000 of public funds have been expended; only $15,000,000 have been repaid; $3,000,000 are past due, and much of this cannot be collected under present terms. A ten-year turnover was originally contemplated. Under Secretary Lane in 1913 this was amended by Congress to twenty years. This merely passed the buck, but did not solve the problem. But the actual terms were made so easy that even those of us who felt that the settlement was unsound could have no foundation to complain. The writer at the Lane water users' conference protested against graduated payments and asked, rather, for more time. But graduated payments were made: 2 per cent of the principal (no interest is charged under the law) for four years; 4 per cent for two years; 6 per cent for fourteen years. Initial payments were also postponed in several instances and for various reasons.

Twenty-one years after the passage of the Act no project is half paid out, and less than a half a dozen are even approximating one-third paid. This is not progress—it is marking time. Now, facing the increasing installments and with crop returns in several instances below $25 per acre, an impassable situation as arrived.

Agitation is active, and Senator Borah introduced a bill to extend payments to forty years. It is understood that the Reclamation Service was not seriously averse to this proposal; preferred it rather to the publicity necessary upon any attempt at a complete readjustment of charges and payments based upon both costs and earnings from the lands reclaimed—which sound finance demands, both in behalf of the United States and of the settlers. This would pass the buck again, and indefinitely retard all future development for lack of funds. Those who can should pay out on present terms. Those who cannot must be given better terms. Losses should be liquidated during this period of general liquidation by the Reclamation Bureau, as well as by every one else. This is the only road to financial health.

Such is the kernel of the problem which faces Secretary Work. Is the fact that the old management had been undisturbed for twenty-one years and was making not one move toward its solution a recommendation for continuance in office, or does it not rather indicate the need for change?

It seems not a water power problem, as it has been called, but a problem for brain power, without any water mixture.

Crop Reports and Resolutions passed by the Board of Directors of Carlsbad Project, one of the three projects which have made the largest pro rata repayment of costs to the United States, approving Secretary Work's action are enclosed herewith.

This project is on record against a blanket forty-year extension. We believe we are able, and we know we are anxious, to pay out upon existing terms.

Our fourth 6 per cent payment is about due; but our construction charge is only $45 per acre, and our average crop returns were $53.41 per acre in 1922, and averaged $41.17 for the past sixteen years. It is none too easy for our farmers to meet their payments, and we have been aided this year by liberal loans from the Farm Loan Bank. We know that projects with double this construction charge, and with the same or less earning capacity, cannot meet their payments and must have a substantial readjustment.

We believe that this will require amendments to the Reclamation Act, based upon sound business principles, under which the Secretary of the Interior must be given discretionary power to adjust payments in proportion both to costs and to average earning capacity of the various projects. It also calls for a strict business administration. A clear business mind is not a necessary nor even an average qualification of the engineers usually to be found in Government service, where under Civil Service rules an engineer cannot be discharged either for lack of business qualifications or even for engineering incompetence.

The full effect of this Civil Service limitation upon administrative and

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engineering efficiency should be understood by any one before attempting public discussion of Federal reclamation problems. It should be actually felt to be fully appreciated.

FRANCIS G. TRACY,
President, Pecos Water Users Association.

BRITONS, LOYAL BUT DISPLEASED

IT will be some relief to my feelings, at least, to tell you how entirely I agree with your views on the dispute between France and England over the Ruhr occupation; and to tell you, further, how little pleased many of us who are loyal Britons are at our country's inability or obstinate refusal to see the merits in the French attitude. Lloyd George's signature on the Treaty of Versailles was scarcely dry when he began his commiseration with the Germans—to their great surprise and delight; and had they not been encouraged in their resistance by England's continuance of his efforts on their behalf and by England's nagging of France, it is altogether likely that they would have been paying up now, without any occupation of their territory. Even on the low ground of expediency, events have shown the policy to have been an unwise one.

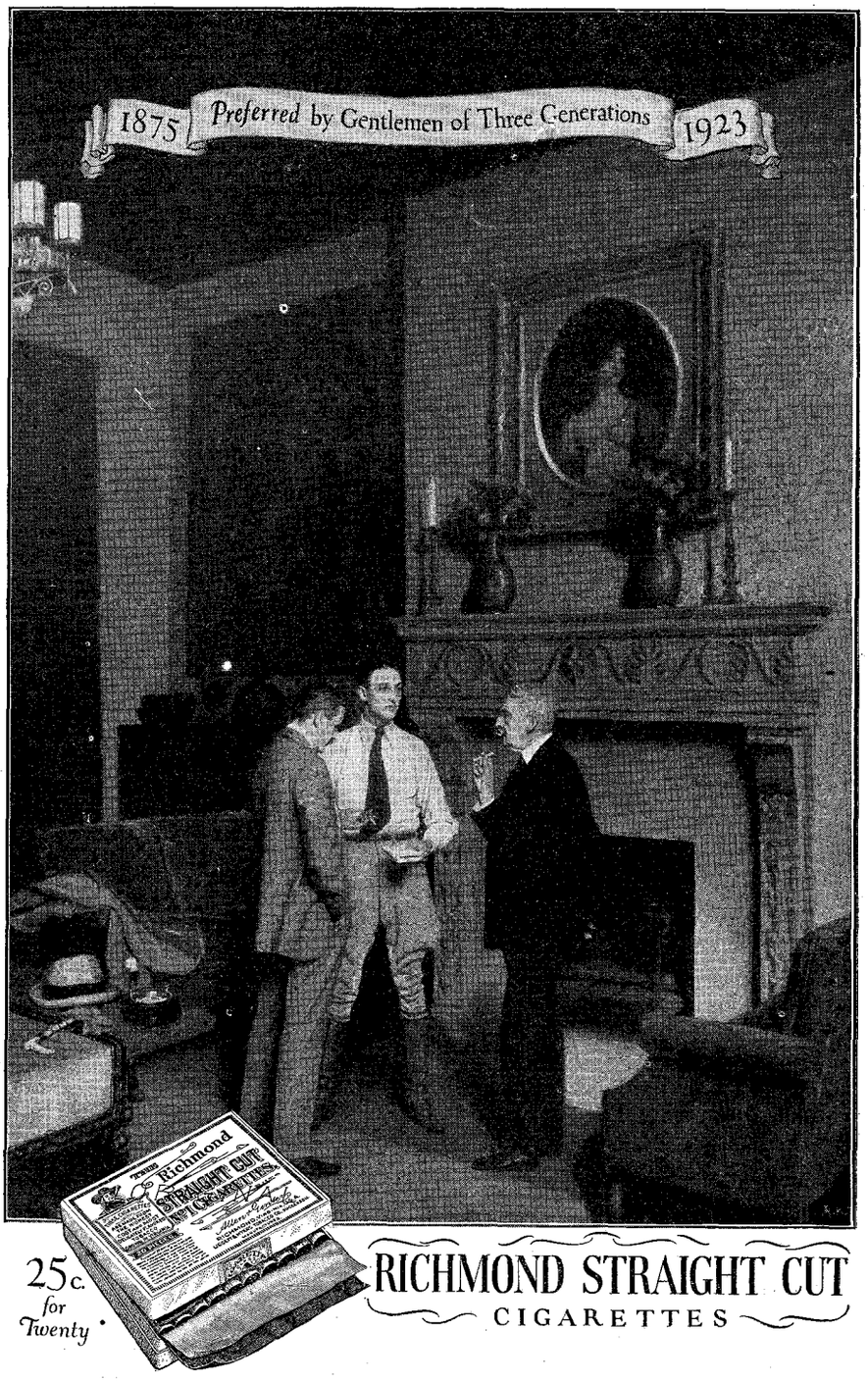
I am sure you will believe that, however inarticulate we may appear to be, there is a vast number of us in the British Commonwealth who are as cordially pro-French as ever, and who are doing the little we can to arouse a sentiment among our fellow-countrymen against the injustice and short-sightedness of the present stand. Loving one's enemies is commendable enough, but discarding one's tried friends or sacrificing the interests of society to those of the criminal should not be confused with it.

WILLIAM WARNER.
Vancouver, Canada.

THE BEST JEW IS THE BEST AMERICAN

I HAVE just read your excellent editorial on Zangwill's advice to the Jews. It brings strongly to my mind the advice that, many years ago, I heard Rabbi Hirsch give to his Jewish congregation in Temple Sinai in Chicago. After speaking of the Irish vote, the German vote, and various other votes that the politicians bid for, he said, in substance: "Thank God there never has been, and I hope that there never will be, a Jewish vote. We should vote as Americans, and not as Jews. If I were compelled to choose between my Americanism and my Judaism, I would unhesitatingly wrap the starry flag about me and cling to my Americanism, knowing that in my Americanism my Judaism is safe."

Maumee, Ohio. W. B. WOODS.



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Print Your Own
Cards, circulars, labels book, paper. Press $12. Larger $35 Job press $150. Save money. Print for others, big profit. All easy, rules sent. Write factory for press catalog, TYPE, cards, etc. THE PRESS CO., D-73, Meriden, Conn.

YOUR PERSONAL WRITING PAPER
Your name and address printed on each sheet and envelope (3 lines or less) in rich dark blue ink.
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100 Double Sheets and 100 Envelopes, $1.50. Delivered postpaid. REMIT WITH ORDER. West of Miss. River and outside U.S. add 15c postage. Clip this ad and mail with order.
WINDSOR STATIONERY CO.
188-14th St., Long Island City, N. Y.

Cough-Colds
IT IS not what we say, but what our patrons say of Vapo-Cresolene that conveys the strongest evidence of its merits.
Vapo-Cresolene Est. 1879 "Used while you sleep"
Our best advertising is from the unsolicited statements of those who have used Vapo-Cresolene.
For coughs, colds, bronchitis, influenza, whooping cough, spasmodic croup, asthma and catarrh.

Send for our testimonial and descriptive booklet 31C.
Sold by Druggists
THE VAPO-CRESOLENE CO.
62 Cortlandt St., New York
or Leeming-Miles Bldg., Montreal, Canada

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"Want" advertisements, under the various headings, "Board and Rooms," "Help Wanted," etc., ten cents for each word or initial, **including the address, for each insertion.** The first word of each "Want" advertisement is set in capital letters without additional charge. If answers are to be addressed in care of The Outlook, **twenty-five cents** is charged for the box number named in the advertisement. Replies will be forwarded by us to the advertiser and bill for postage rendered.

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Brown, sturdy, rosy-cheeked — *growing into robust vigorous* youths—Tucson's children flourish like flowers in the Sunshine-Climate. Outdoors all winter long—romping—hatless—they are the children of the sun.

For Your Child

Here is the place, Mothers, for your pale, inactive children. A season in Tucson—schools accept pupils any time—will bring big appetites and fill frail little bodies with glowing health and energy—the heritage of every normal child. Anxious mothers come each season and discover here restorative virtues quite beyond their anticipation.

Rents are Reasonable

You can come to Tucson and live here with only a moderate income. Rents are reasonable. Good hotels, churches, clubs, golf, horse-back riding, motoring, every city convenience.

Fares Reduced

Low rates are now effective via Southern Pacific, Rock Island and El Paso and Southwestern. Tucson is only fifty-three hours from Chicago, seventy-three *from New York.*

Fill out the coupon below and we will gladly send you "Man-Building in the Sunshine-Climate." It tells of the joy of living in Tucson.

TUCSON
Sunshine-Climate Club
ARIZONA

Tucson Sunshine-Climate Club,
201 Old Pueblo Bldg., Tucson, Ariz.

Please send me your free booklet, "Man Building in the Sunshine-Climate."

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

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February 2 to June 13, 1924

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THE Temple Tours took more people from America to Europe in small personally conducted groups during 1922 and 1923 than any other tourist agency in the world.

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Make Travel Mean More
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Across Switzerland by the Alpine Passes
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GO TO EUROPE IN 1924 with a party of your friends. Get your own trip **Free!**
PIERCE TOURS, 1478 Broadway, New York.

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JAPAN

The quaintest and most interesting of all countries. Come while the old age customs prevail. Write, mentioning "Outlook" to
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IMPERIAL GOVERNMENT RAILWAYS
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Rates for a single room without bath and with 3 meals, $5–6 in cities and popular resorts, $4–5 in the country

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Earn Your EUROPEAN TOUR all or part, by assisting in organizing parties. Eight countries, $745. Address
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$695—EUROPE
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San Ysidro Ranch

Furnished bungalows of various sizes; situated on the foothills among the orange groves, overlooking the sea. Central dining-room, electric lights, hot and cold water. Good tennis court. Six miles from Santa Barbara, two miles from ocean. Booklet. Address MANAGER, San Ysidro Ranch, Santa Barbara.

MASSACHUSETTS

Rock Ridge Hall, Wellesley Hills, Mass. Fine location. Running water in *bedrooms. Pleasant forest walks and country* drives. Our table a specialty. $15–$25 a week.

NEW YORK CITY

Hotel Wentworth
59 West 46th Street
New York City

Admirably located just off Fifth Avenue in *the heart of the shopping and theater district.* A quiet, high-class family hotel with comfortably furnished rooms, single or en suite, and the highest grade restaurant service at moderate prices.

The management makes every effort to have guests regard this hotel as a real *home* while in New York.

The hotel is convenient to subway, elevated, and surface lines going to all parts of the city as well as the Fifth Avenue bus line, running the whole length of the world's most famous thoroughfare.

GEORGE A. LEONARD, Manager.

Hotel Judson 53 Washington Sq., New York City
Residential hotel of highest type, combining the facilities of hotel life with the comforts of an ideal home. American plan $4 per day and up. European plan $1.50 per day and up.
SAMUEL NAYLOR, Manager.

Hotel Hargrave
West 72d St., through to 71st St., New York

300 rooms, each with bath. Absolutely fireproof. One block to 72d St. entrance of Central Park. *Comfort and* refinement combined with moderate rates. Send for illustrated booklet J.

Hotel Webster
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NEW YORK

Directly in the fashionable club and shopping section. Within five minutes' walk to all principal theaters. A high-class hotel patronized by those desiring the best accommodations at moderate cost. Special summer rates. Rates and map gladly sent upon request.

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NORTH CAROLINA
The World Center of Sport
CAROLINA HOTEL now open
HOLLY INN Opens Jan. 7th
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GOLF—SHOOTING—RACING—MOTORING
HORSEBACK RIDING—DRIVING—TENNIS
Championship events in every field of sport scheduled through entire season.
For reservations or information address
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EARLY GOLF and HUNTING
PINE FOREST INN and COTTAGES
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22 Miles from Historical Charleston
Open Dec. 15th
Special January Tournaments
The most delightful month for golfers. No snow—only sunshine and flowers. Superb 18-hole golf course. Tennis, saddle and carriage horses. Cuisine and service on par with the best metropolitan hotels. Quail, Wild-Turkey, Fox and Deer hunting.
W. A. SENNA, Manager
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Sunny Southern Jersey. Small, cozy furnished apartment, all conveniences; piano, books, plants. Jan. to May, $200; then monthly. Refs. Mrs. Channon, Vineland, N. J.

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Private Hospital
For Mental and Nervous Diseases

Comfortable, homelike surroundings; modern methods of treatment; competent nurses. 15 acres of lawn, park, flower and vegetable gardens. Food the best. *Write for booklet.*
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Beautiful, quiet, restful and homelike. Over 26 years of successful work. Thorough, reliable, dependable and ethical. Every comfort and convenience. Accommodations of superior quality. Disorder of the nervous system a specialty. Fred. W. Seward, Sr., M.D., Fred. W. Seward, Jr., M.D., Goshen, N. Y.

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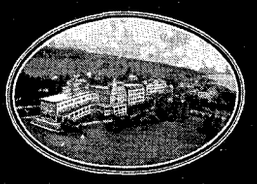
Health Resorts



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ENGLISH DUMPY Round fireside hassock, 17″x12″. Price $12.50. Photograph on request. M. Olthof Goldsmith, 340 E. 41st St., N. Y. C.

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For the beginner and advanced player. A pocket edition of simple rules on bidding and play. Modern experts compared on important points. An attractive gift or bridge prize. Price $1.
Freda MacMahon, Box 227. Montclair, N. J.

Canadian Handwoven Homespuns. Blankets, Spreads. Hdqrs. for this work among French Canadian peasantry. Samples. Canadian Handicrafts Guild, 598 St. Catherine St. W., Montreal.

BOOKS, MAGAZINES MANUSCRIPTS

LADIES—Why worry about that next paper for your club? Let Patricia Dix do it. Full information upon request. Reasonable rates. 4,452, Outlook.

EMPLOYMENT AGENCIES

HOPKINS' Educational Agency. 507 Fifth Ave., New York. Governesses, nurses, housekeepers, companions, secretaries, teachers. Supplies families, schools, institutions

CO-OPERATIVE PLACEMENT SERVICE. Social workers, secretaries, superintendents, matrons, housekeepers, dietitians, companions, governesses, mothers' helpers. Miss Richards' Bureau, 68 Barnes St., Providence.

GREETING CARDS

COPLEY CRAFT HAND-COLORED CHRISTMAS CARDS will be sent on ten days' approval. The line is best known for its distinctive verses. Jessie A. McNicol, 18 Huntington Ave., Boston, Mass.

UNIQUE ten-cent Christmas cards. Anna Wildman, The Clinton, Philadelphia.

CHRISTMAS CARDS. An assortment of 15 beautiful cards for your use at Christmas. Sent postpaid on approval. $1 is price of box if retained. Stamps sent for return if not wanted. Elizabeth Huntford Studio, 9 So. Clinton St., Chicago.

LITTLE GIFTS

NECKLACE, imported, unique. Free descriptive leaflet on request. Gentlemen contemplating a gift will also be interested. S. Katz, P. O. Box 50, Hamilton Grange station, New York.

FOR sale, Widby jet beads, very reasonable. 4,447, Outlook.

ROOMS TO RENT

ROOMS—week or week-end—near MISS PORTER'S SCHOOL, FARMINGTON, Conn. Modern comforts. 4,459, Outlook.

STATIONERY

UNUSUALLY desirable stationery for any type of correspondence. 200 sheets high grade note paper and 100 envelopes printed with your name and address postpaid $1.50. Samples on request. Lewis, 284 Second Ave., Troy, N. Y.

PERSONAL STATIONERY—200 sheets, 100 envelopes, Hammermill Bond, printed in Text or Gothic. Workmanship guaranteed. Frank B. Hicks, Box 20, Macedon Center, N. Y.

HELP WANTED

Business Situations

HOTELS NEED TRAINED MEN AND WOMEN. Nation-wide demand for high-salaried men and women. Past experience unnecessary. We train you by mail and put you in touch with big opportunities. Big pay, fine living, interesting work, quick advancement, permanent. Write for free book. "YOUR BIG OPPORTUNITY." Lewis Hotel Training Schools, Suite 5842, Washington, D. C.

MANUFACTURER of HAND MADE children's dresses needs several reliable ladies to take orders. Splendid opportunity for ladies with good social connections. William Moore Company, Davenport, Iowa.

EARN $110 to $250 monthly, expenses paid, as railway traffic inspector. Position guaranteed after completion of 3 months' home study course, or money refunded. Excellent opportunities. Write for free booklet CM-27, Stand. Business Training Inst., Buffalo, N.Y.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

WORKING housekeeper. Small house, small family, suburb New York City. No laundry. References exchanged. 4,444, Outlook.

WOMAN as housekeeper for three adults and companion for elderly lady. 4,449, Outlook.

NURSE-companion wanted, cultured woman, to be with lady of advanced years; part time, mostly in afternoons. Clinton Avenue, Brooklyn. Write, stating age, experience, and references. 4,456, Outlook.

Teachers and Governesses

WANTED—Governess, Protestant, between twenty-five and thirty-five, for two little girls, five and a half and eight and a half years. Understanding physical care and discipline through love and gentleness. Pleasing personality; a companion as well as instructor. Must be experienced as home governess. Answer "Penllyn," Whippany Road, Morristown, N.J.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Professional Situations

TRAINED nurse, Protestant, excellent references, will take invalid to California for expenses from Boston. 4,458, Outlook.

Business Situations

REFINED French-American woman, unencumbered, experienced in real estate business, wishes entire charge of estates, apartment houses or hotels. Capable supervising large business. Best credentials. 4,448, Outlook.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

COMPANION—American (Massachusetts) woman, cultured, unmarried, business trained, can direct household or travel. Not a lady's maid nor gentleman's servant, but competent to work intelligently for comfort of her employer. 4,446, Outlook.

AS supervisor of household and take entire charge and educate motherless children, or as companion; would travel. Speaks French. Age 40. References. 4,450, Outlook.

HOTEL position wanted—assistant housekeeper, in linen room, floor clerk; woman of ability and refinement. 4,451, Outlook.

WANTED—Position as companion by middle-aged Canadian widow of culture and social standing. Write Mrs. Baxter, 215 Springfield Ave., Summit, N. J.

HOUSEHOLD executive home-maker, 12 years' experience, entire charge of widowers' country households (6 with U. S. diplomat), cultured, traveled, English B.A., pleasing, happy personality, entertaining companion. No ties, employers' highest references. X. X., 1367 Broadway, New York.

GENTLEWOMAN, young, Scottish, with domestic science diploma, interested and experienced in housekeeping and care of children, wishes position anywhere. Would take charge (with or without help) business woman's home. 4,453, Outlook.

REFINED, educated girl, 22, seeks position where, in return for good home and moderate remuneration, she will willingly assist in household. Experience in care of home and children. Could take entire charge where necessary. Please write 4,454, Outlook.

HOUSEKEEPER, good plain cooking; no laundry nor cleaning. Cultured, Protestant. 4,460, Outlook.

Teachers and Governesses

TEACHER wishes position with lady; would care for and instruct children. Experience with backward children. Country preferred. 4,445, Outlook.

MISCELLANEOUS

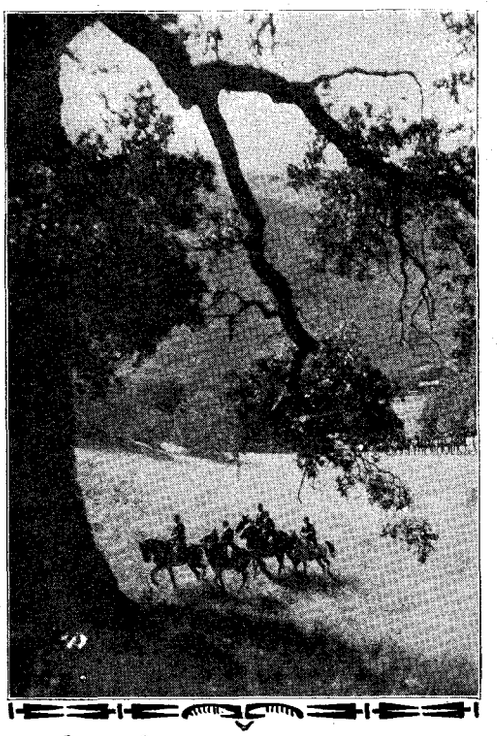
TO young women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a very thorough nurses' aid course of six months is offered by the Lying-in Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Monthly allowance and full maintenance is furnished. For further information address Directress of Nurses.

WIDOW, beautifully situated in Miami, Fla., would care for child in her home. 4,422, Outlook.

BOYS wanted. 500 boys wanted to sell The Outlook each week. No investment necessary. Write for selling plan, Carrier Department, The Outlook Company, 381 Fourth Ave., New York City.

M. W. Wightman & Co. Shopping Agency, established 1895. No charge; prompt delivery. 25 West 24th St., New York.

SHOPPING by New York expert who will send things, services free. References. Hattie Guthman, 309 West 99th St.



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Santa Fe superior service and scenery plus Fred Harvey meals - your assurance of a pleasant journey there. Pullmans via Grand Canyon National Park.

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Mail this

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Please mail to me the following Santa Fe Booklets
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CALIFORNIA LIMITED
Also details as to cost of trip

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BY THE WAY

SPEAKING of the loneliness of the seas in these days of great cargo-carriers, "American Shipping" laments the times when the blue expanse was ever lit by white sails, and recalls the year 1855, when no fewer than 381 ships and barks, 126 brigs, and 605 schooners were built in the United States. "Their tall spars and cotton canvas loomed large on the horizon and filled the eye far more completely than the stump pole masts of the four or five thousand ton steam freighter of to-day, which does the work of twenty of them."

Successful business men, a humorous contemporary observes, believe in all the modern improvements, including extensive advertising, and one of them proves it by the following:

"When a duck lays an egg she just waddles off as if nothing had happened.

"When a hen lays an egg there's a whale of a noise.

"The hen advertises. Hence the demand for hens' eggs instead of ducks' eggs."

Lord Brabazon in his recently published Memoirs says that Dr. Anthony Thorold, Bishop of Winchester, once decided to test a number of young theologians as to their ability to console a dying man. He was to lie on a couch and they were to come in one by one and administer the consolations of religion. The fun-loving students selected a sturdy young Irishman, noted for his wit, as the first candidate. Going into the room where the Bishop lay covered with a rug and with his face to the wall, in an attitude of complete collapse, the young cleric succumbed to the temptation to play a joke. "Anthony! Anthony!" he called out, "an' is it the dhrink again!" The Bishop's reply is not recorded.

Paris values its tourist visitors, and is trying to make their sojourn in the French capital more comfortable. A leaflet which is sent to America by the Société des Transports of Paris contains many helpful suggestions to travelers. Some of its English is peculiar, but the intention is good and the meaning is easily guessed at. For instance, the directions say:

> At stopping points on request, it is necessary to lift up the arm to sign to the watmann as the car is drawing near.
>
> Call Numbers.—In case of affluence, take a call number.

Of course with present prices in Paris nearly all visitors must have a "case of affluence," but the directions merely mean that if there is a crowd of people waiting for a street car, the visitor should secure a numbered slip which will give him a place on the vehicle.

Sir J. M. Barrie, according to the "Argonaut," says that during his student days a don at a Scottish university was going on a round of inspection one day and came across a large barrel of beer in a student's quarters. The don pointed out that a vital law of the college had been broken, and asked for an explanation. This was readily forthcoming. "You see, sir, I have not been very well lately, and my doctor ordered me to drink a glass of beer every morning and every evening. I am only taking it medicinally." This soft answer turned away wrath, as the don got quite sympathetic and inquired, "And do you think it is doing you good?" "Why, yes, sir. Do you see that barrel? When it came in here on Thursday it took two of us to lift it, but now I can trundle it round the room by myself."

From "Tit-Bits:"

Customer (trying on a new suit)—"Ah, Isaacs, this suit looks very creditable—very creditable indeed."

Isaacs (excitedly)—"Dot suit vas noddings ov de kind. Dot suit neffer leafs der shop except for ready money!"

Walking is a form of athletic exercise which may be taken in big doses without apparently hurting a man's constitution. Edward Payson Weston, aged eighty-three, last spring figured in a walking event, and now Daniel O'Leary, aged eighty-two, issues a challenge to all pedestrians to walk five hundred miles. He is so confident of his prowess that he challenges Weston and a partner, Schmihel, to a contest in which he will walk 100 miles while Weston and Schmihel are each walking 45 miles.

"Printer's Ink" of October 25 publishes an article entitled "How to Cultivate Better English in Business Letters." It begins thus: "There comes crowding to my mind certain remarks," etc. These remarks brings thoughts to the reader's mind, too.

From the "Daily News" (London):

The following are a few efforts of West Country children to show their knowledge of Scripture subjects:

Caleb killed able.

Manna was Moses sister.

Thou renderest to every man acorn to his work.

One day an angel came and told Meribah and Manna that they were going to have a baby son and they were to call him John. And Manna would not believe it and was struck dump till the baby was crissinged.

A celebration in honor of Shakespeare was lately held in a Southern town, according to "Harper's Magazine," and among those in attendance was a famous baseball player. At one of the functions during the celebration he was called on for some remarks. He rose to the occasion thus: "After observing the way in which Shakespeare's memory is revered, I am not sure that I would not rather have been such a man than have gained my own greatest triumphs in baseball."

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Are you looking for some way to supplement your present Income? Would $50 EXTRA each month interest you?

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All you need is a little self-confidence and a willingness to call on a few people during your spare time.

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The Outlook Company, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

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The Outlook Company, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Gentlemen: Please send me details of The Outlook Representative's Proposition.

Name .....

Address .....

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